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OCTOBER 1979

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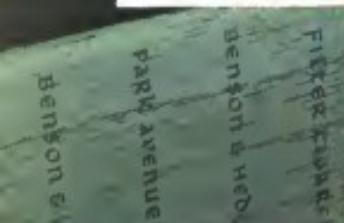
BY GAIL SHEEHY

THE DAY AFTER SUPERMAN DIED
BY KEN KESEY



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YOUR CAR AND TOMORROW'S FUELS

AS THE SUPPLY OF OIL DROPS, SYNTHETICS BECOME MORE ATTRACTIVE.

General Motors is not in the fuel business. But since the cars we build depend on fuel, we have to be on top of the energy situation. Here's what the eye looks to us:

All the cars we build are powered by internal combustion engines. These engines work by burning petroleum-derived gasoline or diesel fuel under high pressure. So far, petroleum has been the safest, least expensive source of these hydrocarbon fuels, which pack a lot of energy per gallon. But automotive fuels can also be obtained from many other sources, ranging from oil shale to coal and even corn stalks. The problem is to turn these solid materials into safe, convenient, environmentally sound, cost-efficient liquid fuels.

At GM, we have evaluated a variety of domestic resources and alternative fuels.

Fuels made from shale oil are the best current alternatives. Shale oil is produced by heat-treating oil shale, an abundant American

resource. Gasoline and diesel fuel could be refined from shale oil. What is needed, however, are the plants to convert the shale rock into the shale oil. As petroleum becomes more expensive, it will be cost-efficient to build these plants. The mining of shale, though, still presents serious environmental problems that must be solved.

Coal is the next best option. Coal can also be turned into gasoline and diesel fuel, but the process is more expensive and complex than that for oil shale. As with oil shale, coal mining also poses environmental problems.

Biomass (vegetation and organic wastes) is another possibility. The main advantage of biomass is that it is a renewable resource. However, biomass is difficult and expensive to collect and process.

The only automotive fuel currently being made that uses biomass is gasohol. Gasohol is a blend of 10% ethyl alcohol and gasoline. The use of gasohol in present day cars can save gasoline and causes no insurmountable difficulties.

Hydrogen has often been discussed. Although engines can be run on hydrogen, its production potential appears

limited, and the practical problems of safe and efficient distribution and storage haven't yet been solved.

Although electricity isn't a fuel, it can be generated from non-petroleum resources. Some electrically-powered cars are already on the road. The problem is that with current lead-acid batteries they're only capable of traveling relatively short distances between battery charges. We're continuing to do extensive research on advanced zinc-nickel oxide storage batteries.

Nothing is more important than insuring the supply of fuels needed to keep our country strong. At GM we are confident that if government and industry cooperate and work together to explore alternative energy sources, the problem of providing sufficient fuels for the future, at the lowest possible cost, can and will be solved.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation
to serve people

Teddy's New Schedule

The press will draft Kennedy for the presidency—bet on it

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.) announced today that he would be an active candidate for the Democratic nomination for President.

Speaking in the crowded Senate Caucus Room, where his brother, John F. Kennedy, had served in the same government for the 1948 and 1952 elections, Kennedy said he decided to run against President Carter after a meeting with eighty of the twenty-four Democratic senators whose names appear on the ballot.

"I have suffered the President to the limit of my ability for the past three years and still share many of his goals for the nation," the senator told cheering supporters and a national television audience. "I decided to run only after leaders of the Democratic party persuaded me that our candidacy would suffer more than divide our party."

The announcement came after two weeks of intense political speculation and activity triggered by President Carter's appointment of Hamilton Jordan as Secretary of State and of the President's wife, Rosalynn, to replace Jordan as White House chief of staff.

The political meetings here and around the country climaxed yesterday when the delegation of senators met with Kennedy for two hours, telling him that they could not bear re-electing—and that the Democrats would lose control of Congress if President Carter won the party's ticket next November. The climax of the maneuvering was also extended with the filing deadline for the February 26 New Hampshire presidential primary and nine days before the filing deadline for the March 11 Illinois presidential primary.

Murray Katcher, a Los Angeles lawyer who managed Jerry Brown's 1976 presi-



dential campaign, stopped by to see some California politicians after a secret trip to Washington. "Is Kennedy going to run?" they wanted to know.

"Yes," Katcher answered. "He's being drafted."

"There's no such thing as a draft."

"Political houses used to do it," responded the law. Kennedy is being drafted by the media, Katcher believes—the press, as a professional who wants to faithfully inform the public that the political press has replaced political parties. Newsprint, television, columnists, and commentators, he thinks, have taken over the function of selecting and building up candidates and evaluating and discrediting public officials. Within the context of that thinking, this is what happened at 1975 and the first half of 1979.

The national press, which last year

largely responsible for James Carter's elevation to the presidency, concluded that the candidate from Georgia simply wasn't up to the job. The obvious Democratic alternative was Kennedy, who seemed to meet the press's standard of competence and eloquence.

The one question that Kennedy did not meet, at first, was whether he had his own political resources, which eliminated solo runs for the presidency in 1968, as he planned it—a relatively rare run after two moderately successful Carter terms, at a time when Americans might be more receptive to liberal government following almost a decade of overprotective conservatism. But under the press's gaze, Carter became that candidate by easily defeating the next six years of blenders into two and a half years.

For the press's purposes, it did not matter what Kennedy wanted—or what he said. The last remaining Kennedy (of his generation) was simply called a candidate. It was predicted, as was broadcast, therefore it was inevitable, it became true. The meetings to prepare for Kennedy's possible candidacy began in the last spring as Carter's poll popularity slipped toward 30 percent—the point being, an instant assembly line formed to draft him by the press.

So there we are. The bourgeois next is predicated on two genes. The press, constituted, will continue to drive Jimmy Carter into the ground like a sickle, and political assets will now be disseminated largely by "the rules." We are going to begin losing about the rules very soon—they are complex and confusing; a maze of attorney filing dates, census procedures, write-in vote techniques, voting mechanisms, and financial restrictions, and they are sometimes subject to change.

But the rules are crucial. I have them so

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How Much of a Raise to Stay Even

You don't have to be an economist to figure out that the 7 percent wage grade law that Jimmy Carter suggested will rapidly put you in the poorhouse—so long as inflation continues along at 10 percent or so. The table at right shows just how much more of an increase in pay you need to stay just in step even. When you figure in Social Security increases, taxes, and the cost of inflation, you might end up being 11 to 22 percent more just to have the same buying power you had twelve months ago. If you aren't, your standard of living is actually dropping.

The table assumes that you are married, filing a joint return, and using the standard deduction.

change rapidly—as can the possible. Although many funds have been changing away from government securities, some funds still specialize in them. For example, Capital Preservation Fund, 459 Hanover Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94301, invests mainly in government securities. Recently, it was invested 100 percent in Treasury paper. So that is one way to keep Treasury bonds and notes without tying up your money for six months.

According to Dreyfus, the potential investor should look at all the variables of the SLT formula (Safety, Liquidity, Yield) when evaluating funds. There are also two

other factors to bear in mind when choosing a fund: The first is whether or not you can write checks against your account. The option is offered by many funds and, in effect, allows you to use the fund as a bank. The second is whether or not the fund permits you to move assets from one type of fund to another. From the money market fund to, say, a stock fund.

The final consideration, check writing, is significant. Many funds permit you with the minimum allowable check often being \$500. By using this feature, you can go above 7 percent interest on money that might be dormant in a checking account until the time you want to use it.

The second feature, the exchange privilege, which allows for shifting from one kind of fund to another, is only important to certain investors. If you have a Keogh Plan or an Individual Retirement Account, then which you cannot convert your money into, the exchange privilege could be useful.

A final consideration is picking a fund in a timely manner. If you ever have any serious problems with your accounts, you might want the fund to be conveniently located for a personal visit to square things away. Most mutual funds are sold in every state. Check prospectuses carefully.



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To Keep Up with Inflation Inflation

Given	Income Tax	Social Security	Net Pay	Cost Index Needed*	Actual Percent Raise Needed
\$1,000	\$187.00	\$ 32.00	\$1,000	\$1,018.00	1.8 18%
20,000	3,745	1,223	15,548	2,196	11.85
25,000	4,612	1,408	18,962	2,188	11.81
30,000	5,258	1,408	22,376	3,549	11.83
35,000	5,898	1,408	25,500	4,654	12.72
40,000	6,326	1,408	28,370	4,957	12.44
45,000	6,746	1,408	31,210	6,021	13.36
50,000	7,175	1,408	33,818	6,831	13.26

*From *What Did You Get at This Much of a Raise in 1976? Your Disposable Income Actually Shrank*. © 1976 Arthur Young & Company.

Ethics

by Harry Stein

Kiss, Kiss, Grovel, Grovel

How far should a man go to flatter his boss?

The summer of 1976 was grueling with spectacles, what with the Bicentennial and bicentaur, but as far as I was concerned, the most interesting development of all was the sight of a ring of Democratic vice-presidential aspirants trekking down Plaza, Georgia, to be looked over by Jimmy Carter, who was about to nominate the favorite. After such a morning, Carter led his guests from the house into the front yard, where he sat in a chair, plaid shorts, sweater, wearing a necktie and a really casual choker (just like the ones Jerry's worn) and smiling Jimmy's way as he spoke. His birthday presented us here as a gift.

John Glenn kept repeating how happy he was to be here, old Ed Muskie, during what would shortly be his last shot at national office, said that he and Jimmy were on the same "wavelength," and Walter Mondale—his chances apparently to jumpify because some Carter advisors regarded him as too liberal—explained that he had never really supported him before all but only induced in upholding the ratings of the resorts.

Now, as gratifying goes, this was all pretty tame stuff. In fact, members of the Bicentennial Committee, which had organized when the various regents took over—and to stand up and cheer every time the chief ordered them to enact a new piece of legislation, and later, when they were told by the epithet that all they had to do in their granted ownership was to write out a compact list of their critics, stood up and cheered again.

Still, there was something disconcerting about the Plaza thing, about witnessing a group of men—whose fondest dream it was to join the team of leaders—planning their lives with little goals and leading to someone they hardly knew.

But when we even more disconcerting was the public response to this spectacle. No one seemed to mind it at all. Indeed, of what little press comment I saw at the time passed Carter, for expounding with the awkward sentence process, and his goals, for making themselves as instantly available as possible.

Those of a cynical cast of mind would, of course, maintain that anyone who es-

ercises this attitude is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

Illustration by Joe Morrison



pected some other reason had to be a factor.

"Viva," my friend Ralph told me when I reported some disappointment over the events in Plains, "we're a foot." Ralph paused for a moment and considered. "You are also a pampas grass. Raising us happens to be the lifeblood of the system, the vehicle in which our rules up every corporate folder Spaghetti in what keeps America moving."

An overstatement, perhaps, that everyone seems to be walking up to others back to be heard to argue with Ralph's pronouncements.

The syndrome becomes apparent as easily as the third grade. There's always that one miserable kid, that one wimp, whose nose is constantly in the air, searching so desperately in places that it looks as if it might pop out of its socket. In college, the number of egomaniacs inexplicably multiplies five or six or seven times, with only a modest change in their modest impersonal form of answering questions. They ask them—in an eager, bright-eyed way that is supposed to convey respect. By the time one begins working, it seems that almost everyone is looking for his edge, seeking out tasks, trying so hard to be seen, to have his co-workers too readily with their opinions or writing the report to his supervisor, judgment before offering up one's own.

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and it's no wonder that, when confronted with it, many people prefer to deal with the far simpler question of motivation. "My boss not only wants better, he needs it," a woman bank teller of my acquaintance says. "So when I flatter him, I basically regard it as his problem."

"Easier," agrees a friend of hers, an advertising copywriter. "The higher up people are, the more immature they tend to be. The simple fact is, people almost always act on the preposition to much on the basis of politics and power."

"There's a few here," adds someone else, "between meekness and domineering. When you don't know how to relate to a superior, being obsequious is the easiest way."

"Do you have to kiss to get ahead?" asks Ralph. "Well, in most places there's maybe one guy who doesn't. Either he's very good or he's the boss's son."

Okay, fine. In the wide world of self-publicization, all such entries wear very well. This is an imperfect planet. Sometimes one has to give a little. Who can argue with a phenomena?

But, oddly, in the past, the shrewdest point comes most sharply into focus with every such encounter, an act of evasion is itself evidence of a man's truly domineering presence. In the end, the least admirable quality of any ordinary job-hunting is, with every interview conducted primarily for one's boss's sake, one gives away a bit of soul.

Let us, for just a moment, to the spirit of Ed McMahon, ostensibly among the most successful yes-men in history. Ed's job, as every salesperson knows, is to guffaw loudly and applaud a lot and do whatever she has to do to keep someone else's ego sailing. Over the years, Ed

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has done this so often and so well that, as one watcher put it on TV, he appears to have "several careers." A writer noted Harry Shearer, who recently observed Bill at work with Jerry Lewis during the man's last dysphonia vacation, offers vivid confirmation of that impression in *Film Comment*:

Whether he's with Johnny or Jerry, he assumes the air of someone who's firmly anchored in the present tense. When *Cloud Atlas* premiered at the New York Film Festival, he was there, and he knew he was no no-namer. He might as well be saying "Hi, you here who this off?" (If you believe them, he's a terribly-handsome 76-year-old man!) He's not the audience, and seems chipper mostly. It's not his job... It's just he feels something extra you get when you see it.

That, of course, is the big danger in looking too assiduously the possibility of being seen as a snidey worth. Hubert Humphrey's problem, the thing that perhaps cost him the presidency, was not so much that he had slipped a vice peer of the economy into Lyndon Johnson's pocket—but he had done gladly—but the fact that he had been so snidey public. In offices around the country, young executives are the people who speak with some difficulty. Too afraid to raise their voices, they shun the language of confrontation, who talk is standing around the water cooler, watering daffy.

The truly accomplished cyphists, the ones who quickly move on to become han-

"When you don't know how to relate to a superior, being obsequious is the easiest way."

ers themselves, never flinch so doffily that it passes for simple courtesy or tact or enough to choose. "When I am someone who's going to be my employer," says a mission reporter in a Chicago newspaper, a young man who plays the game as well as anyone I've ever known," I ask myself, 'How can this person be had?' With my last salar, I immediately sensed that he was looking to be fakery so I made myself into the journalist he always wanted. It instantly became in his interest to maximize my options in the paper—and I didn't think any of my parts were noticed."

But the people that such sycophants pay are at great an level upon whom quasi-monastic clerks or fawning retainers in the waiting or over the cringing class—the power they hold at certain snooty Title IX universities—will not be surprised because journalists are permanently so much more stiffworn. The reporter at question has lost weight almost 300,000 in therapy, and only now is he beginning to

come up with a rationalization for his behavior that he can swallow. "The bottom line," he says, "is self-respect. I understand what I'm doing, and that makes it okay. There are only a few days worth putting yourself on the line for in any given year, anyway," he pauses. "Frankly, I think people who don't know me at least a little in this society are morons."

That is a curious little thought—one that sets the gut in churning—but it is, of course, a sentiment that has been expressed with varying frequency by those men most fondly of those dismal trends, such as consciously designed stories that urge their readers to take power on the expense of others and always to look out for number one. And it's beginning to get to a lot of people who deserve better.

I recently visited a friend I'll call Randolph Covello, hitherto one of the most contented people in this world, in the midtown New York office of the large life insurance company in which he has worked at a low-level job for nine years. After a while, I asked him about the business of sex testing:

"Oh, no," Randolph. "I would never do that. I just do my work as well as I can, wait for my boss to notice, and hope that she'll say something nice about me without debasingly doing it." He paused and looked furiously around his little cubicle. "That's how I got where I am today," he waiting for people to get sick."

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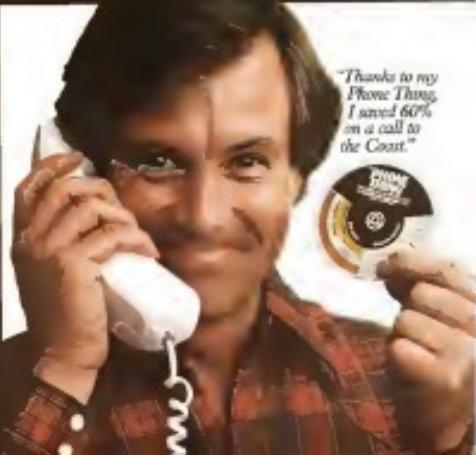
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Books

Long Letters, Lost Liberty, Languid Love

Barth's Mall

John Barth needs, as his successors like to say, no introduction. His first novel since *Giant Good-Bye* (1960) is, in publishers' likes to say, an event. *Lattes* (K P. Putnam's Sons, \$10.95, to be published October 8) is a long event, almost half a million words, 844 pages, seven parts or so making. Its subtitle, *Fiction embroidered in an acoustic formating*, is, I suspect, too apt. The title, *The Screamers* (based on James Fenton's *Death & Drawdown*), which *Imaginary Friends* derived,

He furthermore, claims there is yet another *Fiction* whose principal purpose is to regard and to finger (adorn) beauty, often (consciously) as one's own creation, to play the vanishingly macabre game of *Sextus* and to do by looking with his perspectives what he has called "enhanced" memory forms, the "seed systems" of the paraesoteric novel, which he explored and parodied in *The Self-World Factor*. Berth has chosen to fabricate as epicycles assist-

Bart's Letters is nothing of the impenetrable. Five of the seven contributions are

one. Five of its seven correspondents are characters or the descendants of characters from Barth's previous fiction. Todd Alderman of *The Floating Opera* (1956, Barth's first novel), Jacob Horst, author of *The End of the Road* (1958), A. B. Cook, whose ancestor Ebenezer joins through

The Salt-Wind Party (1902), Devonshire Library,

an evident creation of the competitor that used Gates as *Gates Goat Boy Anderson*.

Harriet, known as the author's maga-

two capsules and a character in the novel short stories called *East of the Pecanhouse* (1948). A much character is called "the Author" or "John Barth." The first letter, spelling the character John Barth home to

the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he grew up, comes from a British mother of distinguished background, has middle peers, and achieved successively—Lady Aspinwall: She offers him an honorary degree from a community college in June of 1969. He refuses, explaining that another Maryland university has offered her a Job D, which he has accepted. The real John Barth got a Job D from the University of Wisconsin in 1969.

Guidelines: 100-105 in Egan's book on

Digitized by The British

by Geoffrey Wolff

Then, the "new" of *Larson* is seven months, March through September. In all seven months seven letters to the real "Larson," seven correspondents, correspondents everywhere. These letters are standardized, massed, written in codes and ciphers, distorted. The writer has characters; it is a man of known. He is Doctor of Letters, with theories about man's joints and diseases.

BARTH has been attracted, sometimes wondrously, by the submara. The Rube Goldberg fictional devices of *Our Gang* may inhibited that huge need, they completely satisfied it. By now Barth knows better. In his conversation with Hawkin, he said:

seen the wisdom to become simpler, simpler. There is a kind of mentality—I'm afraid with it—which delights in setting itself increasingly complicated tasks to see if one can come off raising the bar ever higher as compared to us. If one can't do it with some level of grace and elegance, pass it on. For that kind of mentality, there can be no more complete task than to become simpler. I thought only that with the kind you mentioned, "Less," I would achieve that simplicity. I did not will have to go for the rest.

It will have to wait for the next. With the exception of *The End of the Road*, *Leaves* is the only work by Barfield which for both I feel and others has been most difficult to come to terms with. It holds the same gusto that has characterized his fiction since *The Silver Chair*. The prose, poetic and carefully wrought as you would expect, is also the most obviously Anglo-Saxon, channelling his natural earthenness with Ambrose Bierce, comment most interestingly to us here, the best rule of manuscript criticism: "If it's good, let it stand"; a series of letters to his dead father, beginning with love a cruise along the East-
Shore and up the rivers of Cheshire, before he kills himself, as is often related himself in *The Phoenix Green*.

BARTH is the reader least inclined to deny that is and in his work, what is merely apparent. From "Life-Story," in *Last* in *Fauschuk*, comes this direct addition to the reader, almost a Barthian signature by which another exhausted device has been added:



depending on speed, weather, and trip length. California figures are lower, and your actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate.

TR7's list of sports car features will warm any purist heart: MacPherson struts...recirc and piston steering...front disc brakes...and wide steel belted radials. Refinement of the TR7 has led to numerous changes, from a modified cooling system to a new Triumph emblem. Triumph engineers even developed a unique front bumper for the convertible which helps filter out harmonic vibrations.

The interior of the TR7 is designed around the driver, and is at once both functional and comfortable. Controls and instruments have been logically and conveniently arranged for easier, more enjoyable driving.

Attractive and uncomplicated, TR7's convertible top gives you unobstructed vision through the 3 piece rear window. Putting the top up or down is a simple one-person operation.

Now, a true convertible sports car at an affordable price. From Cowley, England, where Triumph craftsmen have harbored a passion for the open sports car for over 30 years, comes the new TR7 convertible.

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The new convertible TR7—the first new production convertible in a decade. Modern engineering has been skillfully wed to legendary excitement in the newest Triumph, the TR7 convertible.

Its bold wedge shape cheats the wind at every turn. It handles the open road with competition-proven performance. Response of the 2-liter overhead cam engine is instantaneous and the 5-speed transmission is precise itself. For those who prefer not to shift, a 3-speed automatic is optional (not available in California).

The EPA estimate with manual transmission is 20 mpg, with a highway mileage of 26 mpg. Remember: the circle

the EPA estimate is for compensation; your mileage may vary.

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THE SHAPE
TR7

The reader Ynn, aged, stoicistic, post-middle-aged, is a New Englander, who lives near the Connecticut border. "You read me the last issue? Even this far? For what conceivable reason? Here is all you don't go to in a movie, there is a real, gay twist with a friend, come, sincere advance to the person who

comes to your mind when I speak of serious advances? Can writing suffice satisfy you, man or off? Where's your share?"

In these passages, and others like them, are reflected the only thing that could possibly redeem them: prose of energy and per-

sonalizing. For whatever reason and with southern courage, John Barth has denied the usual usage of his wonderful narrative to his letter writers. Here they are mainly instruments, their language merely

by Lavinia



work each day in town.

It is his father, Leon Berger, who is the movement in his life, a doctor, a former socialist and anti-apartheid Communist, a person who on Sundays teaches her son the history of a family that has been in the country since the 1800s, a son of immigrants and a man who is accused of being involved in overthrowing the state and whom trial lasts 217 days before he is sentenced to life imprisonment. Leon is in the courtroom when he is led up from the cell: "as stern, severe, grim-fighter, carrying the colors of expectation that assault him." He speaks for so long, then an hour and forty-seven minutes, and no one dares glance from him. Marin explores how he stands to his creation, like lover, who his audience would be.

"The newspapers reported a game through the court when the press was asked if Leon Berger's life in South Africa, known as the daughter of white revolutionaries, the last in her line when both parents and a young brother die, a mad god who stays at one point, 'I want to know who she is,' but who, of course, cannot escape for long.

She is favorite, a schoolgirl—"small for her age, slightly blonde, leaped [at hockey] and with a very wry"—when the son begins, writing outside a fortress-prison with an old green quilt and a red hot-water bottle for her mother, who at home inside. "Leon had been very small very young by her parents against the shock of such contingencies by the assumption that imprisonment was part of the responsibilities of grown-up life. She makes promises [then] fatherly and going to

An extraordinary resilience, an expert at keeping secrets, at giving away nothing, Leon is matter-of-fact and matter even in a schoolboy, accepting the disappearance or arrest of family friends, excluding personal heroes as well as political refugees like brother abroad at the swimming pool, her mother died of multiple sclerosis, the father died in prison of syphilis, the family house is sold. The sole survivor, the wife, a friend of Leon's, from whom Leon's pregnancy is set out of conformation. Leon is a man and a conservation of other pro-family group. "Other people

break away," Leon tells her. "They lead completely different lives. Parents and children don't understand each other—there's nothing, or say, between them. Some sort of natural aversion against repetition. We live as they lived. When she is nearly 10, Leon becomes, like her father, a confirmed atheist for taking from people what is needed, moved by a longing to search myself in my native desolation, to let someone else use my land, my granadine pugnac." She manages to get a passport—a contraband for the son of her family—and moves to France, where she meets her father's first love, his a lover, gone on to London, and has a result four sons, among natural groups as the daughter of the men who went to prison for the killing of the king of the white ruling class. There is a chilling scene, perfect for its cruelty, in which Leon is awakened late at night by a telephone call from Leon's son, who has been released from prison and is back in the country. The late night phone call is from Leon's son, who has run away since he was nine years old. His demands end with Leon's, consequences of the what father who is so forever self, and she continues with an anger at words, demanding to know what it is to be really wrong, telling him that if it is money to "go and ask one of your pure English liberals who'll pay but won't fight."

She goes back. She goes back to work as a physiotherapist in a Johannesburg hospital. "In the second half of 1976 those who were born deformed were joined by those who were born." Gauthier writes. "The school men filled the hospital, the place where Leon Berger's son was born, and passed South Africa living needlessly at semi-confinement group of people condemned." A white pianist Leon knew in a moment of tension and semi-detachment in semi-parasitic pairs. And a couple, living in Paris, employed by the Comité Board, is linked to a man belonging to the Armed National Front. Leon Berger is detained without charge under Section 6 of the Terrorism Act, later becoming a prisoner awaiting trial.

Gauthier should be all the more rare and wonderful to Americans in 1979 because of the glut of books, many by women, pretending to do us something—about how unhappy those so-called women are, about their nervous breakdowns, their nosebleeds, their perverse appetites. Compared to her, they have voices of the soul and hearts of paper.

Books continued on page 29

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Most people think they have to wait till January to afford the component they wanted to give in December. But not anymore.

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PIONEER MONTH SALE!

Anna's Brando

I try never to let a bad leg, then you have nothing to look forward to and who wants that? In *Anna, Kochi Brando's Brando* (Crown, \$10), we learn that Marlon Brando is "not well endowed," a "softie," and was hardly ever home for dinner (which isn't unusual, since he rarely wakes up till after lunch); we get movie references, frank opinions on what a godawful person poor Marlon is, and a flatly exposed suspicion in this mostly uncharming mystery—that he's really nothing, but a polyssexual red that will stick it into any part in the story, up to and including a chick Anna wouldn't mind, she explains, except that she left her behavior a bound to never turn over twenty-one-year-old son, whom she always called Devi and Marlon always called Christine (after the boy's publisher, Christian Marquand). Anna's mother and her close friend of Marlon's, Anna and Marlon, were married for about a year and a half back in the Fifties, but it has taken her all this time to give us *The Book*. She probably would have kept silent forever except that she took an overdose of drugs recently and was in the hospital for a month or so and when she was ill better, she knew the world need no longer go on in ignorance. She decided to tell all.

Anna and her counselor, E. P. Stone, ardently go over the story of Brando's early life and how his father thing and mother thing were the reasons he turned out to be such a sht. The book indulges in the usual clichés of the memoir: dreams, studies, or fellow actors involved with Brando was safe once he came out the race. It tells of all the early young girls, all the irresponsible children, all the suicide attempts, sex, sleeping pills, hang-ups and down Multnomah Drive at midnight, and on and on until the night of legal papers quando non length. The last third of the book is almost entirely about judges and lawyers and what a little Brando was but how everyone behaved him because he was Brando and she was only the little market trying to raise her son and save him too many pills.

Describing his appearance as their first date, she and Stone write, "He behaved like a cowboy from a comic strip—large and round with a bizarre smile that suggested a ferocious yet delicious grin." (Roughly defined, *uniquely* means he isn't.) Nevertheless, she lets him take her out to dinner, and when more than two decades later she goes to bed with him out of "curiosity" and he is a dolt, point think she'd call it a day and die blossoms before approaching.

But if the bad, where would we be today? All her thoughtful insights would have been lost. Such as:

One Justice's new novel at See and Read: Advice to Young Ladies: Roger for a Good Time, published by Knopf.



"In short, Marlon Brando is modern, gaudy, grotesque, contradictory, impossible."

"Marlon's sexual auto-frottage comprises several shades of Devine."

"Marlon receives little favors for Omelets, Lettuce, blocks, Potpourri, and Indulgence, both east and west. When I accused him of choosing 'inferior' women in preference to satisfy his need for superiority, he was too nervous."

"Marlon flaunted his dominance of women by handling them wherever they damn well happened to be."

And lots but not least:

"A naive young girl probing her way through the world meets the naive and innocent."

Well, not exactly—more like a *Brando* advertisement.

Anna Kochi was born in California in 1934 as "an unattractive blonde" between her mother and father. When she was eighteen, she went to London to study, and though she was supposedly a naive young girl problem, her way through the London School of Economics, the one off to Paris with an Italian boyfriend, *Unfinished Business*, she was also by definition a wise woman.

Promised to return to India with Mom, Dad

cut her off without "consulting" a parent. Anna was foisted off "immediately," a parent she explains by saying she couldn't type. Leslie Spencer Tracy agreed to cast her in a costume with him. When the cost and crew moved from their location in Cheltenham to the Paramount sound stage, she was whisked off to Hollywood. A week later, she was sitting in the Paramount conservatory of her red suit and reading her own manuscript when from across the room (where he was running *One Man Show*, the sly soliloquy clapped eyes on her. She did not, she says, even know who he was. It was the first time he called and they went out, but it was a long time before someone told her, and perhaps who he was: Marlon Brando, his abominable but eloquent as how awful he was, full of sugar and hemoptysis.

by Eve Babitz

When I was sixteen, I stuck up a band of vicious Hollywood stars who were all older than I (mid-twenties). They spent their days working on cars at the Beverly Hills Health Club and driving double-breasted for schmucks who crossed them in any way at all. They spent their nights drinking martinis and wearing big dresses with necklines so low that their bulging breasts were all anyone could think about. They drove Eldorado convertibles, danced celebrities, and always knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that there was a prince for them, a handsome, rich, clever, big prissy who was famous, had famous friends, and drove a Cadillac convertible. They knew Shirley as the ultimate ingenue, jazz on the radio. A man with a large upper lip who never really seemed real.

And a man who once home to dinner and stayed home, not like the ass who was always running around with Rita Moreno—who left his wig in the bathroom, as Anna tells us. Marlon would have been perfect except that he had other ideas. But from right—among these various stars—Marlon was the ultimate score.

Non a single one of those girls found a peace—including Anna Kochi. In her imitation of *one* costume and *one* quote from *One Man Show*, to hell with the rest, she says the opposite of what most mean. Anna seems to speak for all of them—one long sad of howling outrage. A male agreed the subtlety of the way things turned out compared with how they should have been. Marlon Brando has "lots (or least) of common clay," she accredits, and he did it to the death in *Paris* besides. The world is no longer to be kept in ignorance of all Anna has suffered.

Perhaps there's something marvelous and horrific about Anna and my victimless friend, out for blood and robbing up the team so long after everyone has gone home. Anna is a woman whose life, like Marlon's, though partly of the royal class Brando-was, might be complete however with this E. P. Stone person writing her book. Anna seems to have a fatal fascination for striking with the boneless. But then, instead of winding up in a cheese, it ends up, after pages and pages and pages of men, who wants to hear Anna and E. P. Stone's critical essay on *Asiatic Story*? A book.

I was almost gagging with relief upon entering section one small building during a time when Anna and Marlon were recently estranged. "Newspapers played up the stories of Brando's two loves—Franziska and Barbara Louri. Miss Mayors displayed her usual sarcasm for the press, while Barbara Louri withdrew with great. Asked her feeling for Marlon, she replied, 'You're not in love with him.'

Oh, Barbara Louri, tell us everything. What was he really like?

Marlboro



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ESQUIRE

INTRODUCING THE POSTPONING GENERATION

THE TRUTH ABOUT TODAY'S YOUNG MEN

by Gail Sheehy

Young men aren't the same anymore. A new dream stepped out of the social aphorisms of the Sixties and has been programmed into the edges of the old ones, too, describing our point of view. The new dream has been making itself at the old, weird like some terrible chemical waste they don't tell you about and it's too late.

I began to pick up traces of the new dream among young men of the postmodern culture as I moved around the country on a two-year pilgrimage after the publication of *Passages*, my study of the major changes that occur throughout adult life. I was looking for, among other things, the most promising patterns by which people attempt to put their lives together now that we all have some notion of the adult life cycle. What I stumbled upon was some subtle changes in the expectation of American men under the age of thirty.

They don't want to work hard.

They deserve more time for "personal growth."

They are obsessed by what they call "trade-offs" in life.

They dream of achieving the perfectly balanced life, in which there is time for love and leisure and children and personal interests and playing lots of tennis.

Their new happiness formula expresses itself in a startling shift

of values. Higher on the list of personal qualities that young men consider important is "being loving." Dimmed to the bottom of the list are qualities that were once seen as "being ambitious," such as "being able to do" effectively.

Not that their aim for becoming postideological postmen—men of many homes—should overlap with the old business. They take a comfortable life as a given

The programs for the new dream can't ready for the computer yet. In young programmes have no models. The very assumption they begin with runs counter to those accepted by their fathers. By and large, even of their fathers' generation believed in the intrinsic value of work and in life patterns based on gender. Assuming responsibility early for work and families, most of them pummeled on the fast and narrow corporate track and ran for thirty years or so before expecting their just reward.

Following their fathers' road to happiness is seen by many younger men as a fate marginally better than early suicide.

"If I thought it was going to be doing this for the next forty years, I'd probably start saving right now," in a typewriter room by postmodern-musician and writer Barry. They dread衰老ing at the age of fifty-five from the enormous downward spiral they watched their fathers pursue: to find they have only a few years left to enjoy life between the first and the final heart attack.

That continued on page 27

Gail Sheehy, a contributing editor of *Esquire*, is the author of *Pivotal Passage: Crisis of Adult Life*.



THE ESQUIRE SURVEY

Close to 2,000 men over the age of eighteen participated in the Esquire survey. Sufficiently annoyed with themselves to spend the two hours of self-completion the questionnaire demanded, they threw problems composed of those expatiations, values, pleasures and fears, the life picture they are choosing and the priorities they are setting, together with written self-descriptions of themselves now and ten years from now.

The largest single age group represented, nearly half respondents, was between eighteen and twenty-four. Their profile looks almost and supports the broad conclusions I have drawn here.

Only three-quarters of the 1,200 respondents volunteered to be interviewed personally. This suggests a lack of interest

about what this new career might be taking them. That's not the pattern. They come out of middle class (42 percent) and lower middle-class (25 percent) families programmed for upward mobility. But they are not of the average. They are more likely to come from the lower-middle-class (14 percent) and car salesmen (11 percent).

To be a producer and earn money is to bring a stereotyped company (80,000 buyers a week business) into the marketplace and don't let win the production order of priorities. Nor do many of them find it easy to understand vocational values. Aspiration in their view is the result of the struggle to succeed, a very high priority for young people.

But 25 percent of the careers Esquire sample are self-employed. They seem to be driven to go into business to be in control. There is in the sort of risks and uncertainties that could allow them to put their own names on the product and be president of the company at the same time. This part of the new dream is already showing positive results. Men who are their own bosses can make at least twice what their peers, 17 percent more have had at least some graduate education, and 10 percent of the whole sample have at least a bachelor's degree. (For the total male population of the United States, only 19 percent have graduated from college.)

Nearly half of these young men have chosen traditional three-year post-graduates: 21.2 percent are professional engineers and 19 percent are doctors or lawyers or others with advanced degrees. The next most prominent group (11 percent) is a collection of craftsmen (most in urban professions) including writers, artists, designers, and craftsmen. Others are those living in the fast-growing social service industry (7 percent) or they work white-collar (18 percent) or blue-collar (7 percent) jobs, while 3 percent are still students.

These are men who have a choice. If they do what is necessary most of them have a shot at becoming one of the millionaires of the old standards. But if they don't want to play at the old rules, what then? Of course, one can take risks at their work. That is where, in effect, the new deal and his life with it will be, and that may be dangerous.

Nevertheless, the new man has in a questionnaire—a form of self-presentation strongly influenced by what the respondent thinks is socially desirable—a majority of young men of association opportunity consider it socially desirable to say they are not snobs.

"The questionnaire took me a year to develop, test, and refine before I sent it to a dozen experts and business managers for testing. Some of the questions were adapted from Dr. Julian Rotter's "Vital Survey," and used with his permission. (See copyrighted "Vital Survey" article from *Research*, April 1971, Professional Psychology, Vol. 4, No. 1, pp. 10-13.) The Man of the Year Survey, 1975, conducted with my partners, goes under the name of the Philip Shuler Public and Personalities of the year is a social psychology at New York University, who worked with Carlo Rubino, Prof. B. Carky, Prof. Ph.D., and Jeffrey Johnson.

Still no, they say, they don't buy that old-line dream. And so they are working on a new one.

Yet, prosperity is taken far granted by these young men. In fact a certain degree of economic freedom is considered absolutely as vital for the new dream formula, and here is the beginning of the problem. The more aggressive partners of the new dream have maintained their financial up-to-date by consistently putting money away periodically by refusing to have children, which would stop dreams from coming true.

While older men assumed economic responsibility and postponed gratification, young men want a hurried around, gratification now and responsibility later. In the absence of models for the new success, they are running back to Norman Vincent Peale and back on the Bible and Dickens, shaping up their theories of positive thinking and preparing a case for big capitalism. Above all, they are determined to live free for everything.

Nowhere are the changed attitudes more pronounced than among some of the most avowedly middle-classers, and that is the situation I witnessed among the nearly 2,000 respondents to a comprehensive, literally questionnaire that I ran in the July 4, 1970, issue of *Esquire*. (See box on page 36.)

A consecutive analysis of the questionnaire responses showed an overall picture of the results, giving me some interesting leads in the nature of the young producers. But they were only leads. All the causal and cross relationships in the world can tell you only how people want themselves to be or believe themselves to be. Quasianswers cannot tell you how people are.

To get a more complete picture, I decided to talk to thirty young men. Twenty were chosen from the Esquire sample of eight thousand; in twenty-five years' years. For comparison's sake, ten came from the top and ten from the bottom of the 100-satisfaction scale, building the questionnaire (See box on page 13.) To place no such emphasis on the questionnaire-anwering clientele, I sought referrals and pursued ten more young men who were comparatively educated and who had entered on managerial, professional, or artistic careers similar to those of the Esquire men.

I got to know these thirty young men in the flesh, I learned something else. All of them present a picture that is laid-back at one angle or another, but basically so surface, so off-the-edge. To illustrate the appearance of being laid-back, the new producers talk of a life affluent with the full glow of consumerism and entitlement personal sense of loosely organized but lasting relationships, of the body as temple and the mind as instrument for the most personal expressiveness—and of somebody out there to pay the bills. (I'm underneath, casting through the rhetoric, is the rigid socialities often insisted by itself.)

I gave you a taste of what a young man I will call David, product of a suburban New York childhood, affluent background. Four years out of college, but because a one-man dream at the Wisconsin Institute of a major American architect, by carrying the greatest amount of the decade our government's energy crisis. Dismally enough, David is single, having never married and rents less than \$20,000 a year, but that does not begin to describe the bonhomie on which he is peacefully smugger.

"Gosh—what is that about?" he says as I sit back on a sofa couch and prop his feet, each encased in a single sheath of leather leather, on the coffee table of his office lounge. David is a middle fellow. He was never a hippie. On the contrary, he is unapologetically golden, not a trace of a political statement written

in faint hair upon his creamy skin. He explains that his parents, who were adolescents when the flower children were establishing the styles of personal maturity in the 1960s, absorbed a whole new layer of values.

"It's in much a part of our consciousness in the overwhelming drive of our parents," he says. "We've got back the two ideals have now been produced a lot of very different people. Some are drawn out and given to foolish places to do nothing. Some stay in the art but are deeply into psychoanalysis." "And you?" I ask him.

"I think myself. What am I doing this for? Why aren't I just living on Martha's Vineyard and walking like a little as possible?" David says he should do a now, since by the standards of the old culture, he has already reached the top—well, not the top top, but he has done as well as somebody his spryng expect—and so what? He just himself as just another of the silk-hose-and-one-spokes-in-Washington helping the nation to spin its wheels.

"The principal difference between my contemporaries and our parents' generation is that they believed what they were doing was full of purpose and meaning," he observes. "I don't think we feel that way. We have more of a sense of how limited and limited presenting what we are doing probably is."

What does a television jah when he is bored? He reaches channels, changes images, until right the interests of hour flow. David thinks about returning to Martha's Vineyard to "pursue a life style that is separate but equally rewarding in its social purpose." He adds that he would do it more doing nothing and drinking all day long.

"You've got to do something of reforming value, I suppose," he says.

"What might that be?" I say.
"Well, playing tennis." He wasn't kidding.
"Would you want your wife to be a tennis player?" I ask.
"I don't think I would consider myself overenthusiastic. My life is too short. My generation seems to do it who are big achievers, has respect for people who manage to create meaningful lives for themselves doing something efficient that works. My contemporaries are not being laid-back as a theme."

Like many of his contemporaries, David is not much interested in marriage or less interested in having children. As a bachelor he can less comfortably on an annual basis of money, but as a family man he would have to figure it. On how he would support his and a March's Vineyard if I had to start a life together—"I'd open a little business if I had to or start a life together."

There is no notion of sacrifice in this vision of the semi-educated life. You see, the whole idea is to live rather than to keep educating a comfortable life. As David says, "That would only do it if having enough money really wouldn't be an issue."

Self-determined? Self-made? And what about? How shall it stand now when brother Bill Clinton enters the atmosphere with his Book of Value Judgments?

Everyone at home is down on Gary Meier for being selfish. We call it "assimilated individualism." After college, he came home to Philadelphia, where he built his son the best son set out and went west. Gary obtained with Renato's mastery of making a "major contribution to society," and it was not immediately apparent how this could be achieved through joining his father in the manufacture of kitchen-enamel objects. That was big pots of money and big growth, which is not a popular trade-off

I found that two major fears
are expressed by the
young men in equal measure:
fear of not having
enough money and fear of
being looked in
the pursuit of money.

with the new generation of pacemakers.

In college, Gary had taken massive injections of optimism from Norman Vincent Peale and had stopped up his TMI periods in twice a day. He was determined to protect his freedom at all costs. And so he cut the tie. He left his father's firm, began collecting antiques and, just took a job at the car wash. Didn't care if it was family or not, he wanted to be free. He was Gary. He was Gary all those that he found in a world, "He would do it again for anyone as possible, where the business can't work him down, but where the man can't speak English. Probably California."

At the moment, Gary Mizer's expectations for the future, there are no compromises. Next one says this will be a problem! Nevertheless, he has taken steps early to avoid becoming trapped in his father's footsteps. And the last eight now, at twenty-three, Gary Mizer is one of the happiest men out of the nearly 2,000 surveyors.

While the pacesetter made claims his highest priority is being loving, his female counterpart is probably out there burning up the old achievement track with her born-yesterday ambition.

pay without sacrificing his dreams of social commitment. He will graduate next spring.

The one doesn't often get that kind of color-and-cut-it-in-one come-between being willing to take the risk, to live with uncertainty, and to go forward in order to achieve success. That's what makes Alvin Pfeifer unique. The history of the man involved on the information-seekers scale may be his family and childhood. He grew up middle-class in Cheverny, Louisiana. His father and mother separated when he was an adolescent, leaving his dad alone to try to raise his brother, who precluded to invent in him her entire self-absorbing belief in upward mobility through it was. He was only ten years old.

Then, too, there were the expectations of Pfeifer's wife.

When she asked Pfeifer to marry her, she thought the was asking for the hand of an attorney. He was in his first year of law school at Washington and Lee University. She was 1,100 miles away in Shreveport. "I'm ready to get in with it," she said. "We break away."

It didn't fit him.

True to his pacesetting, he had intended to postpone marriage, but he said half cold his hat. He thought about it for half a day and made his first true commitment to marry her.

Thus was Pfeifer at twenty-three, leaping through a fire legal finishing school, being produced with honors from a law school college of his company's upper echelons, and then they Top Schools and Masters, the training professionals were there. Law school students, as universities, he was being supported by a new wife who though he's a successful success-in-itself. But his heart wasn't so broken as attorney, and, naturally, the grades weren't there in charge.

"I thought I was lost in withdraw a couple of steps," Pfeifer says, "in case there wasn't something else I wanted to do and if not, go back to law school with renewed vigor." And so he took an eighteen-month mandatory, a delay of fate's commandments. The courage to take one step backward eventually paid off by allowing Pfeifer to triple his goals.

After a year and a half in a holding pattern job, Pfeifer decided to become, of all things, a cop. He joined the Roanoke, Virginia, police force. He was their first Phi Beta Kappa cop. He had built with the force for almost two years when he filled out my Superstar questionnaire. What I couldn't tell from his answers was that Pfeifer had filled out our survey after a long night's sleep. He was all that he found in a world, "He would do it again for anyone as possible, where the business can't work him down, but where the man can't speak English. Probably California."

At the moment, Gary Mizer's expectations for the future, there are no compromises. Next one says this will be a little lonely but determined to postpone his single state for at least another ten years. By then, he imagines he will still be unattached but "moreishy committed." Not with financially but wanting no more than a five-day boy friend. Pleasantly fit.

In Gary Mizer's expectations for the future, there are no compromises. Next one says this will be a problem!

Nevertheless, he has taken steps early to avoid becoming trapped in his father's footsteps. And the last eight now, at twenty-three, Gary Mizer is one of the happiest men out of the nearly 2,000 surveyors.

I found that two major fears are expressed by the young men in equal measure: fear of not having enough money and fear of being looked at by the person of money. To purchase freedom at the sacrifice of a comfortable life is virtually unthinkable, yet they could have their cake and eat it on Martha's Vineyard.

Mr. Alvin Pfeifer, a young man who appears to have resolved successfully a major part of the conflict of values between his pacesetting. At twenty-eight, he is inclined to say that he has got his cake and the money to eat it too. He also easily reported out on one of the biggest fears of all mankind that he did not experience by himself: the fear of being looked at by the person of money. His childhood. He grew up middle-class in Cheverny, Louisiana. His father and mother separated when he was an adolescent, leaving his dad alone to try to raise his brother, who precluded to invent in him her entire self-absorbing belief in upward mobility through it was. He was only ten years old.

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Do you have any friends in their mid-twenties or older who are still without children by choice? Link

"Yes, several couples."

"Have you looked at them with an eye toward how it might feel like if you remain childless?"

"No, because we know we're not going to be anything like them anyway," the woman seems羞涩地说. "We're different people and our relationship is going to be totally different from theirs."

The clinical response of people in their twenties: We're unique. No other generation has anything to tell us! The patient is flattered and even to a large degree protective. If people in their twenties could not close off certain choices while passing them money and hope into others, they would probably still in the first stage.

Nostalgia, as we shall see in a moment, this master of whether or not a man has children is usually linked to his feeling of life satisfaction.

A central component of the typical pacesetter's game plan is to remain unattached, at least until he is thirty. More than one half of all the men surveyed are single in one form or another—either cohabiting, separated, or divorced. Many others have not yet married. This fact is of such importance to them that it is curiously given as the first factor in the self-descriptions of the unattached male sample, as though being unaccompanied by his companion to another human is in the classic statement among them apart.

Hence, especially, the pacesetters are breaking new ground. The overwhelmingly popular pattern with young professionals—accounting for 44.6 percent of the singles—is twenty-eight-year-olds in the Enquirer survey—a no-position marriage until their careers are well established. Another 12.5 percent of the eighteen-to-twenty-nine-year-old group say they are postponing the responsibility of having children for the same reason.

By way of contrast, the great majority of men in their fathers' generation claim to their wives to be ready to launch all three—career, marriage, and children—in the same sequence.

Pacesetters make up a paper. Two-ply households are now the norm in American life.¹ Two-ply households are seen as favored. And the homogenization of modern society becomes fully manifested. While the pacesetter male claims his highest priority is being loving, his female counterpart is probably out there burning up the old achievement track with her born-yesterday ambitions.

In my case, why should he get and down to a wif when it's simple, even logically acceptable in these times, to adopt the assumption of "spouse equivalence"? Such a plausibly ambiguous assumption has the benefit not the substance of the original. Can an equivalent be responsible, negligent, delinquent? Not likely, and he doesn't have to carry insurance either. It would be possible for a man to interfere in his book and sex work at all for a year, at two or five. With the right mix and high-income spouse equivalents, who knows? Maybe for good.

Deriving marriage being clearly overvalued, those adaptive to the pacesetting culture will give the first shot to the last three partners, including the girl and the sexual revolution, women have gained control of and have accepted full responsibility for their biological functions.

"Most people feel as two-parent households—86.7 percent of all Americans—can be considered as the United States, according to 1977 Census Bureau survey."

powers. Remote from the means of reproduction, men naturally respond by delaying or rejecting the responsibilities of family. They are not sure that can trust these new women.

Maybe she will have a child, maybe she won't, maybe she already has one. Suppose he does manage to "prioritize" and "trade off" with a professional woman, he will be faced with the fact that he will have to offer her a place to stay. Perhaps she will leave the child with him and go off. Or she might be some girl friend, the child for good and leave him with only the right to visit, to pat and pat at Sunday afternoons. A man simply cannot tell the show anymore.

In practice, a prolonged bachelorhood triggers both the late-finishing sex that is supposed to be around is not what it cracked up to be. Over half the men surveyed are single, and yet fewer than half are satisfied with their love relationships. What's more, half report being involved with women who live their more than they live in romance.

This brings us to a lonely sex. Fourty-one half of the men surveyed are satisfied with their sex lives. It would be natural to assume that the weight of sexual dissatisfaction might run high, but that's not the case. The single men are more satisfied with their sex lives than the newlyweds. Reading through questionnaire after questionnaire, however, about "less interest in sex" was checked. I looked at answers from men at the ages twenty-three, twenty-one, twenty-one, twenty-one. Ages like that. The enthusiasm level seems to fluctuate from year to year. For young men, sex does not even place high among the aspects of life that give them greatest pleasure.

So what makes men happy? Mark this: The highest satisfaction indicated on the survey was the experience of having children. Young fathers report that more than anything else—more than work more than success, more than the level of a state or species or money or spiritual development or any of the rest of it—is children who bring happiness. The majority of the children in the eighteen-to-twenty-nine-year-old group say they are postponing the responsibility of having children for the same reason.

By way of contrast, the great majority of men in their fathers' generation claim to their wives to be ready to launch all three—career, marriage, and children—in the same sequence.

Pacesetters make up a paper. Two-ply households are now the norm in American life.¹ Two-ply households are seen as favored. And the homogenization of modern society becomes fully manifested. While the pacesetter male claims his highest priority is being loving, his female counterpart is probably out there burning up the old achievement track with her born-yesterday ambitions.

In my case, why should he get and down to a wif when it's simple, even logically acceptable in these times, to adopt the assumption of "spouse equivalence"? Such a plausibly ambiguous assumption has the benefit not the substance of the original. Can an equivalent be responsible, negligent, delinquent? Not likely, and he doesn't have to carry insurance either. It would be possible for a man to interfere in his book and sex work at all for a year, at two or five. With the right mix and high-income spouse equivalents, who knows? Maybe for good.

Deriving marriage being clearly overvalued, those adaptive to the pacesetting culture will give the first shot to the last three partners, including the girl and the sexual revolution, women have gained control of and have accepted full responsibility for their biological functions.

"Most people feel as two-parent households—86.7 percent of all Americans—can be considered as the United States, according to 1977 Census Bureau survey."

with people who see us as closely identified with one's hopes and ambitions as become the messenger of constant misfortune.

For the unhappy man, there lie the choices: "Usually no wife, no kids, few friends—nobody who needs a drama."

But wait a moment. With all this laid-back talk about the leisure life, what are so many of these young men doing in hard-driving jobs? In ten years, Alan Prater may be the police chief of St. Louis. For God's sake, Bozell, the benign entrepreneur, is one of the country's leading sources of information on the moral equivalent of war, and he is dead. The fact is that he works six hours a day. And frankly, he wouldn't mind being the president of Exxon.

Like many of their ilk, these hard-working young men are capable of doing comforting things to extremes.

One time, David sat up at the Vineyard for six weeks without work. He paid \$1000, in fact. "I'm going to be in this race in my present life," he says, "then I'm going to be at the top of it. But when I decide it's time for something else, I'll just cut out."

They won't believe some of the academic freaks who see new cleaning in the world away from a laid-back posture. Consider a man I shall call Mark, a highly paid public official who is in the losing case of a major city on the eastern seaboard.

Mark had to make our interview 15 times in the morning because he is always in the office before seven thirty. Beating sugar beavers like the quidditch mate, he admits, "I was always good at tasks; that's how I got where I am." His skin is unlined, his hand angles. Except for one instance of sex with a woman, his personal life has been pretty much cash-in-on-cash-out, although he insists that the most important thing is to find a loving relationship.

He works 10 hours a day, eight hours a day working on this book, 10 hours a day, seven, eight hours a day working on this book, 10 hours a day. How he actually goes to bed for two straight twelve hours a day for most of the past sixteen years: working on weekends. Period.

He claims he is the world's best at any given moment, but that is what makes a pitifully weak story. "He says in the next breath, 'When it extraction from you every last ounce of energy,'" Mark is the first to admit he enjoys the mission-like work for his unassumingly. At thirty-five, he is out on the right generation to be calling himself. Yet he sat there in my living room and insisted that he was not a workaholic, absolutely not.

"I look like a workaholic," Mark says, "but it would be very happy for very long stretches of time not to work at all."

Don't laugh, he has already referenced it. What he was thinking, he got back with his job as a congressional staffer and he quit. For six months, while writing down overfertilized postscript with law firms and corporations, he didn't lift a finger or look for work, and he lived it. "Lived the freedom, lived sleeping until seven every morning, lived going to the beach."

He was living well, but he was not at the top. You would readily be able to work by the time he made it. "I left to go back. I'd look out the window, which direction to take for my work was a major concern."

These are ferociously, manicure-type days. No holding. He would come home from the park and make lunch and unpack the phone and then...put your head out...then come the last part of the day. Restraintless, visual images of all the bumptious staff stuck in their cubicles, he would lie back on pillows still hollowed with his head pillow, and he would take a two-hour nap.

By then it would be time for his lady friend to come home and sweep out their place for dinner and the movies. Satisfaction be-

would pay for the evening, dominate the world—the way it is with young professionals who keep coming these days like she did the rents, and she who has. He left from the seat of bliss when he heard of the news of his promotion, and he found a better one, and the new seat began to rip into his scruples.

Not to complain. Hard-hitting culture six months. He scarcely minded having influence on events. He could pick up the metropolitan issues of the paper and read with other absurdities about breaking scandals and public policies because it was somebody else's headquarters hunting for a change.

He found himself seriously over discussing government. Going out today was "showing I can do that," he says, "show it off into extremes." In dead earnest, he adds that there might be "several exceptions" that would keep him at the grind. Such as becoming mayor.

And so we hear another echo of the either-or dream mentality.

Either shoot all the way to the top or

take off for the freewheeling life as a man of well-kept leisure.

It is believed at what we sit in" is the standard response of older men to the laid-back philosophy described here. That was it repeated by the thousand-and-one tasks they have had to take in their own interests. Doing men who have already run the fence between the two extremes, they are the ones who have paid whatever they could, who have finally decided to give up to gain.

"Could the circumstances on which I have based my life have been all wrong?" Yet, more and more men are getting out of corporate life or their firms to start their own enterprises or are making some other preemptive change to recharge themselves for another orbit in the second half of their lives.

Perhaps the young men are onto something with all their laid-back talk about the reduced life. Maybe they are in fact exceeding their optimism for later stages by adopting the postponement method. Possibly they will believe more widely when their investments come to make long-term commitments, if only because of the accumulated savings and the sheer perspective of an older age they bring to it. But they will also bring the baggage of hardened self-sufficiency.

My own feeling is that there may be a recurrent current at work here. The new pleasure must stand as it is at work with a different human prospect. The will to live and to develop personal progress has been a long time coming. Americans are at a general crossroads again. As economic shrinks and unemployment increase, a sense of gloom in all social classes, the middle-class become floating vagrants, impeding any valid national purpose or even transnational goals, we seem to be moving toward a period in the West that may require the sheer survival of a being who is extremely adaptable to change. A state of essay future.

Already, a pleasure must be capable of shifting within moments between two or ten or more calculate selves. In an increasingly mass-middle and space-poor world, the pleasure must often be able to transport himself, by means natural or unnatural, to a private place of implantation.

—Trix continued on page 33



THE LAID-BACK PHILOSOPHY

What is "laid-back" anyway?

The term originated in and derives its only pretense meaning from the drug culture. If one was high enough, became so through either choice or one's social group, he or she was of an instant status. A recent study in the U.S. shows a startling positive link, though, laid-back. Taking on a broader meaning, it began to describe a mood of being carefree and unconsciously interconnected with the old power money-free income game. The laid-back style originated in mid-Century California in the early Seventies. It has since spread across the country and put many more men in a laid-back mood, contrasting as they went with the now-dusty problem-of-careers or personal freedoms—while putting themselves through the necessary conversions to face the old audience on their sleeves.

The men have by now accumulated what judgment in the hearts of its proponents, a means living well but refusing the idealized romantic lifestyle. In the words of Thompson, usually older, writers, or men become associated with interests, independence, purposelessness, and self-indulgence.

Odd, you might say, as an audience dedicated to the leisure of the heap of American values, as it was when the young men were asked on the questionnaire to rate the importance of various forms of personal freedom. Social norms such as "Gather Street, author of *The Coming of the Goldie*, does well to recall the disinclination to submit to another agent that we are regressing, though levels of self-indulgence toward the point at

which for the most indulged, the boundless however steady and firmly will simply dissolve, leaving them unpredictable.

Languor is the direction of the new attitude toward work, as apparent in early as the mid-1980s. The numbers of 300 years of Americans in the workforce are declining to the lowest crests. A Stanford University study of the one-third of employees of the American people over the 27th showed that in just over 1994, a significant number of Americans had already stopped looking to their work for income satisfaction, but the trend was concentrated among white- and blue-collar workers. It has spread into the professional managerial class over the late 1980s, when we had accumulated a surplus of college graduates regular with a checklist of diversions in productivity.

In a skill-salary economy, as writer Christopher Dresler calculates on the basis of exhaustive data for his new book, Who Gets What?, the old以为 of superior cognitive ability is no longer key to promoting a person's economic success. What really counts is knowing the number of a college degree, regardless of what was learned in the process. This is a situation we used to be in the right time and in have a certain flexibility.

While the passivists indicate they are not at all interested in assuming leadership, they are very good in flexibility. For laid-back results, they can assume the laid-back posture, in front of their bosses, they can give a pretty good impression of being over-submissive. It is worthy of note this one of the most interesting that passives avoid or the that their real names not to be used. They most remain... flexible.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health

FILTER KING SIZE 16 mg "tar," 4.6 mg nicotine FILTER MENTHOL
Ring rate 0.8 mg nicotine by FTC report: MAY 1979

The Vantage Point Where great taste and low tar meet.



Great taste once belonged only to high tar cigarettes. Not any more. The secret? The specially designed Vantage filter works together with our rich "Flavor Impact" tobacco blend to deliver satisfying flavor in every puff. That's Vantage. Low tar with a uniquely satisfying taste. And that's the point.

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100s



Perhaps the last frontier is an inner territory. Expansion of that territory is vaguely called "personal growth," by which we mean something like cultivation of unique persons.

Steven-leader, broad-minded, dependent, leader—these are stereotypes that go with the stereotype of the person as well. He does not do things well. Having provided security to this culture becomes particularly important when no one seems the repository of a society's very traditions that have traditionally shaped the individual.

For the young members of a society to be experimenting with a new disease is always a healthy sign. It signifies resilience, energy, hope. But if the full strength of the postponing generation's brain and willpower remain hampered always and exclusively in the service of self, what becomes of our social contract? How far will we go toward becoming a nation of men who can't see the forest, who grope for "personal space" and alienation and fractional gains over securing our own place in the sun so that we can drift off into fictions of self-delusion?

Can you hear the postponers saying, "What's one sort of procreativity, more or less? Let the older guy worry about the long-term public interest!"

When the strongest and strongest shoots of the urinary leach in that direction, what a likely situation in democracy. Now the postponing generation is slow in its shift of response to the old standards—the work ethic, the bourgeois model of delayed

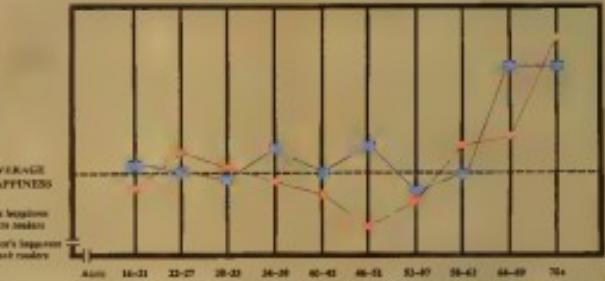
gratification, and the concept of responsibility to family. At this point, the change is impeded by which Americans are in them—a remarkable range of educational class and age groups.

That has always been the younger generation on whom we have relied to refreshen us with their unaccommodated sense of social peace—and to roll out our stuff. When they too feel us, the potential is even greater for political exploitation by the oldest self-interest of all, that of the dominant social classes who seek to enhance their special privileges at the expense of the general public. The tone of the last-best postponers toward their own leases fare like a psychological radar that, as an economic condition—plays perfectly into attacks on the welfare state by conservative ideologues. Both postponers and conservatives are concerned with protecting their own space. Too derivative in style ever to be supported of political dubiousness, nevertheless the two forces could, by a spoken instant, fill the current vacuum of leadership with a flavor of self-despise.

Can't you hear the old conservatives murmuring between the postponers with "Piss, we'll wind the show. You are strong and work on your backside!"

The real test will come when the postponers begin to outgrow the young man's dream, which is always primarily concerned with personal identity and status. That moment they risk alone will be truly achieved only when they begin "finding off" their own growth with that of their followers and mates. —44

THE LIFE-HAPPINESS GRAPH



Most of the nearly 3,000 questionnaire cases who participated in the Esquire survey set off into adult life with optimism. They are generally happy between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, as they pull up roots, and through their mid-twenties. They let a lull in their life reviews and early thirties, when feelings of career stagnation are common if transient. They ride up by about thirty-five, run out of steam again at around forty, and either quit or are run out of the middle passage at these last parts.

The highpoint period for these predominantly professional, managerial, and artistic men is somewhere in middle age, that is, moving through their late forties toward the mid-fifties. It is then that the underlying cover behind all the frantic activities of these fathers begins to be strained for what it amounts to. The lowest dip is in the early fifties, clearly the end of life's signs of definitive success from fifty-onward, even for the men who are, overall, most satisfied with their lives.

When it happens, the dipoff may look something that occurs in the last fifteen years as a shadow cast by the unaged. The

middle of the nation looks not only better but, for most men, better and beyond, most men level off on a high plateau.

The life-happiness graph also vividly dramatizes a theory I advanced in *Postscript* about the "sexual division" between men and women that makes females most alike before they are born, at eighteen, and over fifty, when they enter a period of reevaluation, leading them to the sexual buoyancy of old age. In between the late teens and early fifties, they are pulled toward opposites and are further apart around the late forties. Using the responses of the Esquire readers and 52,200 Esquire readers, it was possible to plot representative life-happiness lines for men and for women. It is easy to see from their comparison on the graph that the division is a recurring pattern through middle life. When the women are in a down period, between thirty-five and thirty-nine and again between fifty-six and fifty-one, the men are in an upward.

It is more difficult to see the simultaneous Meaning for both sexes toward the later part of the life cycle. Happiness though may look on the graph, it is accompanied by personal interviews with both men and women beyond their mid-fifties. —45



The Bar Room at The Four Seasons.
Like the people who lunch there,
the room is sleek, well-dressed, and
glamorous.

AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL LUNCH

How the books you read,
the clothes you wear, the wines you drink,
begin at The Four Seasons



by Lee Eisenberg

To start with . . .
some celebrated appetizers

Good day, Philip Johnson, William Randolph Hearst, Henry Grunwald. What are you doing for lunch?

And hey, Clay Pellegrin, Bess Myerson, Gene Shultz, anyone want to grab a bite?

And you, Richard Snyder, Garry

Steinway, James Beard, and you, Michael Korda, Calvin Klein, Edgar Bronfman, and you, Jackie Onassis, Nelson Doubney, Mack Gordon, and you, too, Oscar de la Renta, Leon Askinasius, Alia Labeinosa, anybody in the mood for grilled bluefish? (just the rockin' erin' salad, a glass of white wine?)

Anxiously at the mood for an exchange of perspectives and innovative concepts? Anxiously in the mood for a meal that's all grace of business, softness of taste?

Our specialty today . . .

fresh, new ideas

America's most powerful lunch is eaten in the grill, on the bar Room, or The Four Seasons restaurant, on the ground floor of The Seagram Building, 650 Fifth Avenue, in Manhattan. Here, at twenty-five or so tables, eighty-plus chairs, dine on ideas, ideas for televisionable book deals, ideas for patchy new art campaigns, ideas for converting new buildings in Atlanta or Houston, ideas for some lefty's new course

ideas, ideas for building and marketing the firm whose name is abroad. No doubt about it: In the Bar Room at The Four Seasons, business transpires from publishing, advertising, architecture, fashion, and the wine business, sherry on, sauvignon, and digest big ideas as easily as they digest a piece of fish.

Understand that it isn't the size of the company who lunches in the Bar Room, more likely, it is the head cheerleader of a shop Edition, creative director, designer, wise aficionado—these are the lords and ladies who lunch. "Do not look for the 'BPA,'" says a Four Seasons prime release, "but the 'aristocracy.' " Says one of the owners, "Very often the editor in chief of a publishing house will call to ask the bar's publisher to sit with him." And these days, after days of twelve-thirty or more, they come strolling in: creative types from Simon and Schuster, Doubleday, Harper & Row, Knopf, Farrar, Straus Edition from Life, Mr. and Mrs. DeMille from Seventh Avenue, whom from Madison Avenue, Sergeant executive from upstairs, lawyers who double as literary agents, politicians who double as social butterflies.

The place has a flavor of all its own

The old Algrens isn't it's. There isn't much laughter in the Bar Room at The Four Seasons. The atmosphere, with its French walnut walls, Massi van der Rohe chairs, Philip Johnson banquette, sky-high ceiling, and plain windows as usually in a fine restaurant trattoria, is all business. The tables, draped with well-worn linens, are set for sport, which means the people at the next one can't steal your ideas. And the Bar Room isn't The 21 Club either, a place where the waiters are dressed in tuxedos. And it isn't the Polo Lounge or The Beverly Hills Hotel, where they have an identity and take meetings, not meals.

The Bar Room of The Four Seasons is solid, that's a fact. "Tidy, tailored and handsomely masculine," proclaims food critic Mindy Sternberg of *The New York Times*. The boudoir, handbag-wielding, sprout-wings-at-the-tables crowd, we could be biased here, believe it! The Bar Room at The Four Seasons is a great place to eat and a great place to talk things over. Which is why if you're at Four Seasons, the chances are good you won't get a seat. You will, however, get a proper apology.

The taste and glory
of the power lunch

The co-owner of The Four Seasons knew their food, knew their wine, and knew that the ladies who lunch there can never be too thin or too comfortable. That's why we planned the restaurant, we wanted to re-create the lost art of grilling done right. It is the Savoy in London, the Ritz in Paris, Harry's Bar in Venice, to

some extent. But we wanted to get away from stock-and-kitchen fare and to use only the freshest ingredients, to do the best possible grilling, since we would not be using smoke to mask the taste of our food. We decided we would grill over charcoal only. So we built an eight-foot-long grill and invited Japanese cooks here to prepare fish, meat, and vegetables to our specifications. We did not want a typical American barbecue menu, the kind who knows how to grill a brisket for five minutes on each side and that's it.

On those were the days, My and Mrs. Pirocollo And you, too, ordinary mortals living on the East Side, the West Side, from the Rajahs to the Bondi Families left off the charcoal grill could be years for around \$10. Before still, though, a cable for you to eat at. Take your pick! But slowly and surely, a few idea people (some in rubber suits) caught on. Next year, Kipnis was among the first to notice, like me, John Trapani and Martin Jischke, editors Jacqueline Dodge and Betty Franklin, of star Lisa Wyse, and the man who drew up the original blueprints, Philip Johnson. With a year, the Bar Room at The Four Seasons was plausibly popular. Within eighteen months, it was impossible to get into.

The name of The Four Seasons was also being played in the Pool Room. Margot and Kevi, though savvy restaurateurs and determined public relations, established The Four Seasons with a lot of money for the appearance of success, especially for clear-cut brands. When one was turned at lunch when the Pool Room was full, And all around town, Kevin, Doubleday, Andover, Trulien, Radcliffe, Randolph, Myerson, and the others, swarmed from French restaurants to Italian restaurants, filling these holes with fatty, rich, warm, talking-at-tables where everyone and anyone could hear their stories. But Margot and Kevi had a few secrets of their own. Stop Margot, a courtier to her in honor of Lee Radziwill's first LBD which published in a magazine, perhaps for Seagram observes Edie Broadman, for Alka Kao, for the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, for Lillian Hellman. In addition, the restaurant housed offices for numerous wine and food societies, such as Academia Italiana Della Cucina, Consorzio dei Cottuni Mozzarella, the like. These women were mostly at The Four Seasons because it was the last bastion of good taste. And as quickly as these fellows return, when they change the owner of appearances and the owners of the restaurant's name, the house that Margot and Kevi brought emerged as one of New York's truly great eating places.

And through it all, plugging away nicely at the Bar Room, the sort of America's most powerful lunch. On behalf of myself, we've made a reservation



George Kren (left) and Margot turned an expensive restaurant for out of towners into a great restaurant frequented by the powerful.

POWER EATERS

Six seasoned regulars with
guests chew things over



AL SIMON (left), president of Sognen's Chateau and Estate Wine Company, here enjoys a lunch with Sam Adams, president of Novellus Systems, with wife Sherry Lehmann, before their "We in the wine world" dinner. Sherry Lehmann says, "We in the wine world are always fighting the battle of the belt. The food here is truly low fat, not calorie. In addition, The Four Seasons uses about wine, there's a well-expressed wine list that features the boutique wines of California. The prices are fair. I always take grapes grown to the Bar Room, as well as important milestones such as Sam. At least, I feel there is on the latest harvest information. I told Sam, for example, that the June flowering in France was most promising for both quality and price."



BETTY FRIEDAN (left), co-publisher and managing publisher of Doubleday, has lunch in the Bar Room almost every day. Her guests include agents and authors such as Laura Z. Hobson (left) author of *Gentleman's Agreement*, *Concerning Women*, and *Over and Above*. Says Friedan, "I love this room. No winter leaves around with bare trees, the menu is simple, in the perfect place for a business lunch. Everyone is nice to me. I always get the same table. I'm granted by grace. While some people don't like the fact that lunch here is like lunch in a publishing godfather hotel, I do. I can stay at somebody's table and have a phone call."

Lynn Hobson, president of Wyse Advertising and editor (*For Her and His from Parisian*), here dines up status to client Robert Revel, of New York's Union Diane Savings Bank. Says Wyse, "They call me the godmother of the Bar Room.

The center bistro table is always there—even Jackie O can't make it away from it. I attend my business life. The Bar Room has a great business atmosphere, particularly for women. The tables are far apart, and there's no romance possible. It's like belonging to a club, it's pleasant. And the food! My favorite dish is the grilled fish of the day. And I mostly drink the same thing: a virgin cocktail."



MICHAEL JANOFF (left), lawyer and literary agent, and **MICHAEL KOMAN**, editor in chief at Simon and Schuster and author of *Powers* and *Clementine Lives A Family Business*, both hold issues on Bar Room tables. Janoff uses the Bar Room to people Linda Goodman, John Eliakman, Pat Moylan, and William Safire, while Koman uses writers and agents like Michael Stein, Steve Kornacki, "There's really no reason. We often go blue jeans and Top-Siders. Tom and Paul, of whom I'm very fond, are good about these things. They're reasonable, nice guys who run one of the few great restaurants that is removal about food and drink. This place is a stroke of genius. You can have a simple, fine meal and be back at your desk in two hours."

BETTY BLASS (middle), designer, lunches in the Bar Room at least once a week, according the hamberger ("steak good") and the chicken ("best in town"). Her meals frequently include the meat of the fishing world—WORLD's John Paesold, Roger's Gross Merchandise Owner (he is Remo)—or other high-powered guests such as

KFM's Marvin Josephson. Here he discusses company affairs with colleagues Tom Polson (left) and Tom Taylor (right). "With people from the office, we discuss matters we don't have time to talk about during the day," says Blass. "Unlike at 21, nobody is listening over your shoulder." The conversation here had to do with a Blas' residence in Japan and its financial results.



What the power eaters eat



Skewer of shrimp with chipotle sauce, \$12.50



Cold poached salmon, \$14.50



Crevettas with chili sauce, \$14.50



Chicken salad, \$13.50

THE FIELD OF POWER

Those who are up sit down

Seating arrangements in the two-level Bar Room were worked out by Margita and Kovi. Risks of their peers demonstrating who will enjoy a happy afternoon and who won't. Questions of who gets in and more important, who sits where, are addressed with the same deftness as arrangements for a matinée drama at the White House.

Reservations are made, of course, though there's a select handful of regulars who need call only when they are not coming to lunch. These include (perhaps one or two more): Irwin Allen, editor of *Harper & Row* (who once wrote a whole book about eating habits), Betty Preble, Paul Soltis, retired president of The Gold Seal Company (a wine importer), Harold Fleischman, a top executive at Bausch, real estate mogul Louis Radin, and Philip Johnson.

Next on the pecking order are those who eat in the Bar Room at least twice a week and who always get a table, usually the same table each time. They rarely call up in the morning, sometimes the day before, and deposit their names. Morton Adlow, lawyer Paul Grin, and John Trahan, Michael Korda, and publisher Roger Straus fit.

Then there are those who will get in if you who will take preference on where they sit, perhaps even be seated in the upper level. Why? Margita and Kovi know that the desire to be seated near others makes power easier to grab. Irakle O was not long ago ousted chairman, but that was probably because the nomination was made in the name of his mentor, a more callous to Margita and Kovi. (It's clear that an even vaguer powerful name is unknown to the hosts. Margita loves to mark, and has thus included such trade publications as *Publishers Weekly*, *Parade*, and advertising age, and Philip Dougherty's advertising column in *The New York Times*, plus more major national and local publications.)

Finally, there's everyone else—occasional patrons who may be briefly susceptible to the owners, as well as novices, footloose out of courtesy. But even for you, there's a chance: If you are unknown to the management, but call up enough at advance (but not daily) intervals, chances are you'll get a table. "When it may be the last table," Kovi says. Yet if you're presumed a risk, you'll get one—unless, of course, having a left-fielding power easier to eat a power meal fish sandwich at his desk. But worry not: Ned, Nett, Bert, or Bert, Tom and Paul take eight poetry good tables for just such occasions.

Unless you're one of the half dozen most fulfilled, The Four Seasons will always take down your phone number to determine your reservation sometime in the mid-to-late morning. Never will you receive and find there is no table for you. There are no unpleasant surprises in store—unless you've taken so long with your system.

To the right is a typical day's seating plan. Who is eating where as much as it would be.



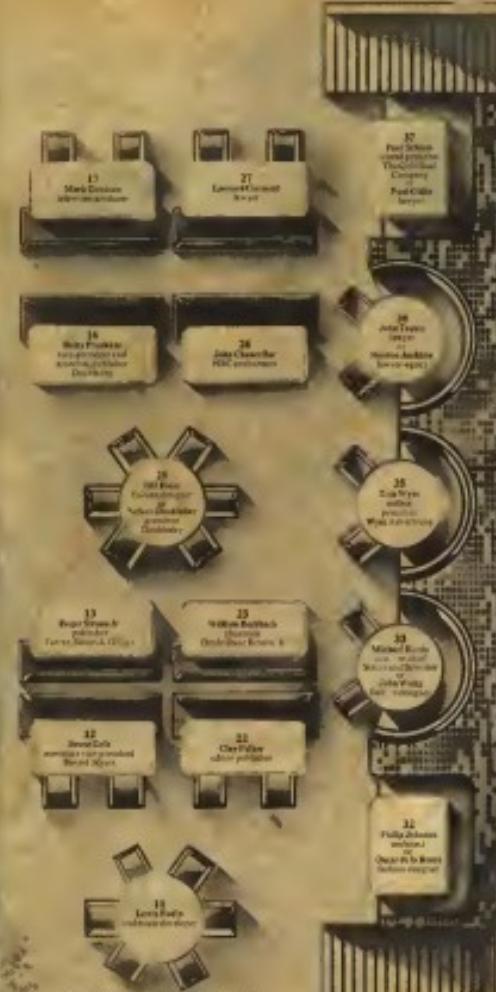
STAIRCASE

↑ TO THE POOL ROOM



Tables are numbered according to
The Four Seasons's own plan. There
is, for instance, no table number 10.

Illustration by Jean-Marc Généreux



FIFTY-SECOND STREET SIDE

UPPER LEVEL

48 Roger Bruckner
publisher
People and *Company*

DALE BRECKENRIDGE
Admirer
of the
life-giving
sun and
drinking

54 Morton Adlow
lawyer

45 John Trahan
advertising

42 Robert Molyneux
international lawyer

41 Carlotta Gatti
advertising agency

13 Mark Davies
advertising executive
27 Edward Lippert
lawyer

14 Harry Proskar
vice-president and
marketing manager
Dove Detergent
28 John Chatterton
film producer

13 Roger Bruckner
publisher
Time, *Newsweek*, *Life*
25 William Rothrock
executive
Ogilvy & Mather
26 Michael Korda
and his wife
Natalie West
executives
of
Columbia Pictures
27 Steven Cole
advertising executive
Bates Agency
28 Charles Miller
editor
politician

11 Leon Fink
and son-in-law

17 Paul Schlesinger
co-founder
of the Thalberg
Company
Paul Galle
lawyer

19 John Trahan
lawyer
Morton Adlow
lawyer-equal

20 Bill Price
entrepreneur
Robert W. Gallo
and his wife
Gloria
21 Michael Korda
and his wife
Natalie West
executives
of
Columbia Pictures

22 Charles Miller
editor
politician

23 Paul Galle
and son-in-law

48 Roger Bruckner
publisher
People and *Company*

54 Morton Adlow
lawyer

45 John Trahan
advertising

42 Robert Molyneux
international lawyer

41 Carlotta Gatti
advertising agency

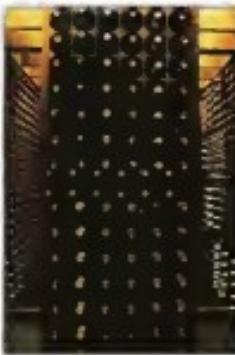
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POWER SEASONINGS

The movers and shakers rejoice at this good taste



In the kitchen, a one-of-a-kind charcoal grill. In the hands of two Japanese cooks, succulent fish, tender and lively trout.



Resting in The Four Season's wine cellar and storage room are over 30,000 bottles of wine. The list includes the East Coast's widest selection of vintage domestic labels.



Relax, it isn't a pie. The Bar Room's salmon tartar is shaved nearly as thin as the page, spread across a plate, and served with a tangy mayonnaise. Great for the less and hungry.



Architectural designs. Philip Johnson's dinner table is set with silver salt and pepper shakers. Flying saucers for the men who design the place.



The Four Season's decor is so worked by integrity, it's practically elegant. Leather, chrome, marble—the real goods abound.



The Bar Room menu, summer of '78



Staff uniforms change the day the seasons change, along with the color of the graphics and certain appointments.

The center of power. Requests for reservations are received at this desk. Here, a courteous voice bids you good morning, takes down your name, informs you that you will be called back soon for confirmation. A call-back has a thin put on work. Yours of hard work are put on ice. You have come to a landing on the runway to work. You put off taking your last gear past. (Wine comes to work, there's La Guardia down the street—you can always get in there.) It's 11:30 a.m. Do you know where your car



Floor-to-ceiling window shades (wooden slats) are kept continuously moving by gentle air jets. During room treatments were designed by Gauth and Ade Louise Hospital.

THE DAY AFTER SUPERMAN DIED

NEAL CASSADY WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.
THE DAY AFTER HE DIED WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY
DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

The 1960s was a period of literary rebellion and turmoil that seems, in retrospect, to have occurred in two stages, the best generation of the late 1950s spilling over into the early 1960s, followed by the psychedelic movement. Both of the literary gang that invented the time—Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* hipsters and Ken Kesey's "Merry Pranksters"—had their moments of characters, celebrated lucidity under diagnosed normalcy or poems and novels. But it's an odd fact that one man, Neal Cassady, played a central role in both eras.

Neal Cassady, also known as "Superman," the "Fartzamansativa," "The Holy God." He appears as "Hoselton" in this story, in John Clifton Holman's novel *Go*, he's called "Matt Kennedy." But his most famous fictional incarnation is as "Dean Moriarity," the central figure and driving force in Kerouac's *On the Road*—the novel that in 1957 first told most of us about the beat generation. Cassady is called "Cody (Ponaray)" in Kerouac's subsequent series of novels, his fictional autobiography that is actually a more or less continuous chronicle of literary figures of the time—William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Robert Duncan, and the other poets and personages of the "San Francisco Renaissance."

Cassady was involved with them all, but he actually wrote little himself—although a small autobiographical book, *The First Third*, was published by the City Lights Booksellers in San Francisco and Cassady's letters are said to be the inspiration for the subject and style of *On the Road*.

He had been in and out of jail often as a car thief in his youth and did a spell in San Quentin later in life. Cassady evidently had any money or held a job for long. Nevertheless, by all accounts—and try now there are many—he was an extraordinary man. His essence was acceleration: He drove

automobiles recklessly but very well. He had incredible vitality and seemed never to need sleep. He had affairs with countless women—and with Allen Ginsberg and a few other men, apparently on a sort of experimental basis. Girls are said to have found themselves bedded within an hour of meeting him. Kerouac was involved with several of these women, but at Cassady's instigation. One of Cassady's three wives, Carolyn, reportedly had an account of the triangular relationship she had with Neal and Jack. Called *Heart Beat*, it is being made into a movie, with Nick Nolte playing Cassady.

In 1965, Ken Kesey was a fellow in the creative writing department at Stanford University, but he was also working part time in a nearby veterans' hospital and on a novel that was to become *Cross Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. At the hospital, Kesey had volunteered for experiments with what were then called "psychedelic" drugs and took some of the drugs back to his friends and neighbors on Perry Lane, in Palo Alto, the bohemian healing area adjacent to Stanford. That was the beginning of the psychedelic movement on the West Coast. Many of Kesey's friends followed him to a small farm he took at La Honda, and they formed a group that came to be known as the "Merry Pranksters," an organization called and testimony gatherings of young people using LSD at which the Pranksters introduced the electric keyboard that has since become such a familiar accompaniment of rock music.

When the Pranksters voyaged east in their famous psychedelic bus, Cassady was "the legendary driver" at the wheel. Later, when Kesey fled to Mexico to avoid a jail sentence on drug charges, Cassady joined him there. Some of their adventures in Mexico are set forth in the form of a crazy dialogue in Kesey's curious big scrapbook, *Kesey's Garage Sale*, where he gives a sample of Cassady's "rap"—the fast-talking talk-filling with which he fascinated everyone. Although for

LEFT: SUPERMAN: KEROUAC'S HERO AND
KESEY'S HERO, NEAL CASSADY (1928–1968).

Illustration by Greg Gott

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dramatic purposes, this story is set in 1968. Cassidy actually died on the railroad tracks in Mexico in February of 1968. Kerouac, who thought Cassidy had passed, died in Florida in 1969.

There was a kind of Zen "indifference to the ends of action" in Cassidy's life. The words, as quoted, are from the end of Robert Stone's *Dog Soldiers*, winner of the National Book Award in 1976. Stone had been at Stanford with Cassidy, was often at La Honda with the Pranksters, and visited Cassidy when he was in hiding in Mexico. Stone knew Cassidy from all this and clearly had him in mind when he drew the character of "Hicks" in *Dog Soldiers*, the fast and compassionate ex-Marine armchair figure. When Hicks ends his walking railroad tracks end, "out of spite, out of pride," begins counting the crooked cloud. Dog Soldiers was made into the movie *Waking the Dead*, starring Al Pacino as Hicks. Stone, trying to maintain his credibility, has this way represented the ultimate tribute our popular culture can afford to such a man as Cassidy: that Nick Nolte should be playing him dead, although Nolte probably never even knew he was doing it the first time around.

Besides Heslin-Cassidy, there are other disguised figures in the story: "Lara Dell" is modeled on the poet Philip Whalen, the Merry Pranksters are called the "Animal Friends," and Cassidy calls himself "Devlin DeBorah." But we should remember to read this as fiction as well as memoir and not get too involved in secret keys to the characters in the work—especially when the story itself is as strong and compelling as this.

—RUSTY HILLE

String out and choking he was, panting distractingly about the cluster of his office opinions in the room, poking among the books and papers and notebooks and chart-drawer stacks, trying to remember what he had done with his editor's plates.

The special plates. He needed them. Since before he had been putting off the walls in the ditch east of the field because the car was clapped with an evil eye-staring window. Since the first smudge of dust, long before his eyes had started crusting and his hands had begun to throb, and even before the beetle he just had with those tickabounds hit in the past, he had been reliving himself? That shiny sky was going to be one real hazard with our same race-cultural scars. Those plates, he had been telling himself, would surely meet the day's snag.

As he passed past his window, he heard the heartbreak of blaring of the mother clock start up again, twelve o'clock, another, twenty by the time he reached the door, the clock back from the wall and looked over his yard arm the field, shaking his eyes. He couldn't see the birds because of the thistle and Queen Anne's lace, but the three ravens still marred the spot. They refilled those ditches, arguing over the first myself. Farther away, in the side grove, he could see the one blushing against her cope, and further still, past the fence, the looks of the two bumblebees. Little who could beyond that. Moises Nolte was only a due low dozen onto the hanging socket. The moist implosion. It made him think of Japanese with poring, a solitory asthma from cracked, lucid twin a gray paper with a slightly grayer ink.

The Oregon farce was inconveniently quiet for this hour. The usual midmorning sounds seemed held in awe of those sense rattlers that ordinarily prompt the protocol to serve, like New Year's Eve. The big bird had called steadily during the half minute of luring thus before Buddy's canary went off, and less well, it had screened himself within sounds of the first lighting that

THE WAILING BEATS GATHER AT CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE, IN SAN FRANCISCO, LEFT TO RIGHT: RON GOLINI, NEAL CASSADY, PETER ORLOWSKY, ROBERT LA VIEVE, LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI.

crashed the crux sky into a tumultuous thunderstorm.

A shore would be a relief now. Debonre thought. Even the pea green herring squall would be welcome. But nothing. Only the little clock ticks on his desk. He'd left it on for the suns, but it was Berles Stevens' singing "on a clear day, ma." Berles, he thought. Then, above the music and the distant growling of the sheep, he heard another sound. A high, tortured wail. Certainly no relief whatever it was. At length he was able to make out the source. Spanting down the road toward the highway, he saw a little pack car coming, fast and erratic, one of those new compacts with a name he couldn't remember. Some animal. A Coors, or a Merv, or a Wildcat, with insurance trouble, whatever the basic was. It squirmed around the corner past the Ober farm and the Bush place and came howling on through the sticky afternoon with its in-purring and a heading so whizzed and wild that the headlamps were born from the shoulder of the road into the smoke-grass. The blood gave it the finger and the bloodshot buried some curse at its passing. It incaused on past the barn, out of sight and, finally, hearing. Debonre left the window and began digging the shoveling sand.

"I certain they're up here somewhere," he said, certain of no such thing.

Debonre's eyes fell on his dog-eared rolling box, and he took it from the shelf. He gazed at it as the words and names maybe enough could be discerned for one now, but unlikely enough for one now and one later both. *Boone uses a lot late. Need a more forceful and as well* he thought, looking at the box in his hands. The little brown used was trailing all over the place. He was still something too violently with the range of references to have imagined the shade of death. As he returned the box to its niche in the shelf, he recalled an old phrase his father used to use:

"Shucks like a dog that's peach pits."

He had had two days, growing and spending and reworking that natural history for what it should be for an answer to his agent's sharp query about the fresh cash needed by the editor and his wife's query about the fresh cash needed by the loan officer at the bank. Merely, mere. There'd be more, for an answer to Eddy McMurtry's grant.

Larry was an old timer friend from Texas. They had met at a garage service station at Stanford and had immediately disagreed about most of the important issues of the day—buddies, peace, education, and, especially, psychiatry—in fact about everything except for their mutual fondness and respect for writing and each other. It was a friendship that flourished during many rough debates over books and books, with neither the right or the left side of the river ever gaining much ground. Over the years since Stanford, they had tried to keep up the rapport by correspondence—Larry defending the traditional and DeBonre championing the radical—but without the third bureau the letters had not only lessened. The letter from Larry on Thursday was the first in a year. Nevertheless it went straight back at the issue, claiming consecutive advance, laying the victories of the



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A CENTURY OF GROWTH THROUGH SERVICE 1879-1979



nightmarish night, and pointing out the restraints and mistakes made by certain left-wing humanists, especially Charles Manson, whom Deboer had known slightly. The letter ended by asking, in the closing paragraph, "So, what has the Good Old Revolution been doing?"

Deboer's research had yielded up no satisfactory answer. After hours of trial and cherrypicking before the typewriter, he had pieced out one meager page of print, but the sentence he had forced on his side were largely mundane achievements: "Charles and Blanchard had another kid... Ramona and I finally got out loose from our three-year probation..." Certainly, great score was for the last wing of the ledger. But that was all! In each third of one tiny page to show off Jerry's hours of prowling around, with so much effort, thinking, drinking, and drooling in a mucky bottle, was there no room left to mention his constant attempts to deal with those piggish packhounds? And now, back upstairs and still body shaking, even that terrible page was missing, the typed yellow sheet of paper was as misplaced as its colorless gleam.

"For on both sides," he moaned aloud, racking his crumpled eyes with his wrists. "On Oregon Field banners pronouncing the air for somebody's profit and on California flower children gone to seed and shamed!"

He railed until the sockets filled with sparks then leered his fist and held both arms tight against his ribs in an attempt to calm himself by standing straight and breathing steadily. His chest was still throbbed with adrenalin. Those California goddammed clowns, both smelling of patchouli oil, and their noses were an angry flaring vermilionosis! Of course, really, they ranked of threat. The older of the two, the blackbearded, had stopped the barking of Makahiki, part of Great Danes, with only a word: "Shut!" he had hollered, the sound shrill and raw from the sole of his mouth. The dogs had immediately turned and look to their feet.

Deboer hadn't wanted to beat the poor pup from the manager. He saw three come sauntering at all long hairs that had just been patched Levi, but there was every mark the body had. Fall Creek and it was another go down and over them in the yard or in these same woods, he thought. Then had called him brother who had been down to give them—an indication that always made him watch out for his wallet—and the younger one had let a stack of money in some weird way that told their tale. They were leaders of the race. They were on their way back to the Height, coming from the big dog days in Woodstock, and had decided they'd meet the famous Devil's Danes going on south.

"Best a little, up a little, maybe ruff a little." I know what I'm saying, bro."

As Deboer bantered, nodding, Stewart had trotted up carrying the broken bone pole.

"Don't go for Stewart's stick, by the way." He addressed the



passenger of the pair, a blond bearded boy with a gleaming indelible smile and new multicolored boots. "Stewart's like an old drunk with his sticks. The more you throw at, the more he hollers out he gets."

The dog dropped the stick between the new boots and looked rapidly into the boy's face.

"For years I tried to break him off the habit. But he just can't help it when he sees cars in strangers. I finally restrained him from running the stick throwers from the truck classes. So just ignore it, okay? Just lean so slow. Pretty soon he'll be looking for Stewart."

"Whatever," the boy half answered, smiling. "You heard the man Stewart, so do."

The dog had locked the stock away, but the dog had snagged it from the air and plucked himself again before the boot. The boy did try to ignore it. He commuted his description of the good scene at Woodstock, telling idly enough what a groove it had been, how high, how happy, how everybody there had been looking for Deboer. Deboer.

You shoulda made a movie. A stoned prison movie..."

The dog drew a squat and picked up his stick and turned to the other man, who was squatting in the grass as the last branch.

"Just tell him no dog," Deboer said to the side of the man's head. "Bert! Stewart. Don't poster the snarls."

The other man smiled at the dog without smiling. His beard was long and black and extremely thick, with the salt of age beginning to sparkle around the mouth and ears. As his profile melted, Deboer watched two long incisor gnas from the black membrane of his mouth. The teeth were as yellow and broken as the boy's were perfect. Then off. Deboer remembered, had kept his face twisted while they were shaking hands. He wondered if this was because he was self-conscious about his breath or a lot of people with bad teeth.

"Well, anyway, what's happening, man? What's a going?" All this? Bloodshot eyes, the gashed and tired, and star. Look at you and the land. That's good, that's good. We're going to keep it to a little place outside of Petaluma since all Bob has is old lady love. Be good for the rest. Lot of work, though, right? Watering and feeding and taking care of all this shit?"

"It keeps ya occupied," Deboer lied and ventured.

"Perf the same," the boy responded cool, "you shoulda made it last show in Woodstock. Man, that's the only word. Aries and signs of fire! Wild and good wind and east-tight music. Ahhs, you get out?"

"So I heard," Deboer answered, nodding pleasantly at the boy. But he couldn't take his eyes off the other lunatic. Shattered and restrained, carried off to the other lunacy, the movement debrates and restrained, carried off to the other dead, that covered him. His face was deeply tanned and his bare red hair so the leather cords in his neck could be seen. He was wearing a dark blue shirt, dark blue pants, and a dark shirt. He was without clothes from the waist down but not undressed. He wore a ring of metal bands around his neck and tucked leather whereabouts of each long arm. A fat tattoo—mada, Deboer recognized, by two owing scumballs tattooed parallel at the end of a moustache and draped to make art—covered his left hand; it was a black-black spider with legs stretching down all five fingers to their regard neck. At his left hip he carried a home-brewed shooting pistol in a headed sheath, and across his leather belt a long, scarred, diagonally drawn out of sight into his Lower Geyser. The man watched Deboer prance up and down with the three foot length of broken bone still clapping at his mouth.

"Fuck off, Stewart," Deboer commanded. "Leave this guy alone!"

"Stewart don't bother me," the man said, his voice soft from the sole of his mouth. "Everything goes have its own trip."

Encouraged by the soft voice, Stewart took to his wings before

"FURTHER" WAS THE MUSKERS' ROLLING ORANGE THEATER, A CONVERTED BUS "FULL OF SPEED AND PLANS AND HAMMERING HEARTS."



NEAL CASSADY, KEN KERBY, AND THE OTHER MARY PRANKSTERS BEGAN THE PSYCHEDELIC MOVEMENT ON THE WEST COAST IN THE BUTTER WITH STROKES, ROCK, AND ACID TESTS

the man. This pair of multicolored boots were old and scuffed. Like his partner's, these boots had tramped many a mile in life. Even now, dusty and still, they tended to kick. That stick hung in the air like the possessive of someone's city.

Stewart was still aware of the seriousness of the situation at last. He turned and broke his memory and threw the snarled stick over the queen's back. "Anyhow, you shouldn't dig at," he said. "Half's miles from the mud and the mire." He was shouting, snarled from one participant to the other, from Deboer to his partner, to the prancing dog, to be pecked at his web grins with the dried out of the mouth. Half's miles beyond people.

They had all sensed it coming. Deboer had tried once more to assert it. "Don't pay no mind man. Just an old rock prick," but it had been a faltered try, and Stewart was already dropping the stick. It had surely touched the shiny hair before the squatting man snatched it up again as the same manus salivated at the grape vine. Stewart hollered after it.

"Come on, man," Deboer had pleaded. "Don't throw it far from the open window and just get off me so."

"Whatever you say," Blackhead had replied, his face worried as he turned to the other rock with his own snarled smile. "This is high. 'Whoopee' says it." Then that however it again as soon as Stewart dropped it, swiveling and slinging it all in one motion as fast and smooth that Deboer wondered if he'd been a professional skater at a pointy little, handheld or maybe boozing.

Then came the stick landed in the gutter. Stewart went across the top two strands of barbed wire and hollied the stick before it stopped overshooting. It was too long for him to jump back through the wires with. He circled the pegs lying on the shade of their shelter and jumped the wooden gate at the far end of the perimeter.

"But, I mean, everything you got to have my trip, don't you agree?"

Deboer had not responded. He was already feeling the idea of his own heat. Besides, there was no more to say. Shag-beard stood up. Blackhead stepped close to his companion and whined something at the hairy one. All Devil's could make out

was "ha coat, Bob. Remember what happened to Bert. Bob... 'Everything gotta live,' Blackhead had answered. "And anything gotta grow."

Stewart skinned to a hole in the glass. Blackboard grabbed one end of the stick before the dog could retrieve it, searching it vigilantly from the snarler's teeth. The two of them, Blackhead, Deboer, and all the spuds the adulation would bring from his weary friends, laid together. From the blackboard and grabbed the other end of the stick before it could be thrown.

"Now don't throw it."

The man there was an astringent the grin, the man looked straight at him. And Deboer had passed right about the blisters, a hand out of the jagged mouth like a ratty wind.

"I heard what you said, fugget."

They had all looked at each other, over the stick groped at each end between them. Deboer found himself to match the oily man's grinning place with his own snarly smile, but he knew it was only a temporary cushion. He wasn't in shape for instances of this either. There was a seething nervousness brewing from the man's eyes, unquelled, undaunted, but so ferocious that Deboer felt he will be hitting before it. Through the loose skin he felt that they musta has very colds, but still like holding a high-voltage testem.

"Everything gotta try," the man had and through his jagged grin, he had a finger up on his end of the stick with both hairy hands. "And everything gotta—" He didn't finish. Deboer had brought his free fan out, snarled and hollied, and chopped the shade in twain. Then, before the man could react, Deboer had turned sharply from him and sought support on the ground. The dog had yelped a surprise and run beneath the bars.

It had been a dramatic and raucous encounter. Both blackheads were impressed. Before they could recover, Deboer had pointed across the yard with the jagged end of his page and told them: "Come on, Bob." Blackley had and, staring at Deboer. "Let's go at. Fugget him. He's progress. Like Lucy and Lenore. All those high-sounding creeps. Gungnir. A power trip."

Blackhead had looked in his end and had broken off some wilder charne than Deboer's. He finally materialized. "Whatever's thinkin'," and lured on his heel.

As he sauntered back the way he had come into the yard, he drew his knife. The blind boy turned to take up his weapon before his partner, already maneuvering and getting up to him. Blackwood stepped a long sweeping slice of wood from his end of the axek with the blade of his knife as he walked. Another silver followed, blinding like a feather.

Devlin had moved, stood on his legs, watching the charge bell from the broken oak. He had glared after them with such rage as if they were well off the property. That was when he had turned back up to his office to resume the search for his sunglasses.

He heard the white signs, retching, groaning louder. He opened his eyes and walked back to the window and perched the twelve neurons. The pink car had turned around and was coming back. Retracing, he watched it pass the driveway again, but this time it veered to a stop, backed up, and turned in. It came lurching and bouncing down the dirt road toward the barn. Finally he shrieked, jerked the curtain closed, and sat heavily in his swivel chair.

The car whirred to a stop in the grass and moved slowly across the engine. His wife's voice. Somebody got out, and a voice from the past shouted at her off-the-beat. "Sandy? Here let the curtain close too fast." "Devon?" it shouted. "Hey, my Devine Devon?" A sound half hysterical and half humorous, like that chick who lost her marbles on Mexican used to make, said Sandy Prewitt.

"Dev? You got some. About Hirschman. But news. He's dead. He's dead."

He tapped back in his chair and closed his eyes. He didn't question the announcement. The summer vacation, it is known to the season and the situation, comfortable even, and thus he thought. That's it! That's what the resolution has been doing lately to him. *Ending.*

"Dev, are you up there? It's me, Sandy..."

He pushed himself scuttling and walked to the window and drew back the curtain. He wiped his eyes and took his hand into the blighted afternoon. Blasy as it was, the sunlight cascades seemed to be sharper than sand, harsher. The chrome of the little car gleamed viciously. Like the knife blade.

"Hirschman," he said, shaking. The chest raised by the car was reaching the bone on its own merit here. He felt it bring or save, of itself. "Hirschman dead?" he said as the pink face tilted to him.

"Of course," the voice repeated.

"Where? Recently?"

"Yesterday. I was in the support in Oakfield this morning when I ran into this little boy—blody—who knew our family name. Hirschman is now the late great. Yesterday, I guess. Chucky Little had just got off the plane from Puerto Rico, where Hirschman had been staying with him and a bunch of her bachelors. At a mile right down the road from where we live. Apparently the poor maniac was drinking and taking downers and walking around at night alone, aside from his son. He passed out on a railroad track between Santeet and Maxxamundo, where he got himself."

ly chilled from the desert dew. Well, you know, Dev, how cold it gets down there after sunset..."

It was Sandy Prewitt all right, but what a change! Her once long limbs had been crippled and shortened, plaited with the rusty grid of the car's grill. She had lost heavy eye makeup and rouge and lipstick on her face and, over the rest of her, had put on, he guessed, a few last minute, thinning layers of makeup.

"Dead in the heart of the Santeet Inn, Devvy. Ikey. Dead, dead. Of depression and death and the foggy, heavy new O-Hooey. Bloody. Bloody, you assume. You know. What did Kermit call him in that poem? 'The alienation game?'"

"No. 'The Holy God?'

"I was flying to my son's cottage in Seneca for a little R & R, rest and writing, you dig? But that was in Oakfield—I thought. 'Wonder of Dev and the Animal Friends have found? Probably not?' So when the phone stopped in Eugene, I remember about this moment I hear you all get and I decide, 'Sandy, Old Miss Devon would want to know.' So Sandy, she comes in the sort of her rabbit and runs a run and here she is, thanks to Mr. Mattole, George M. Hughes, and the like. She is in a state supposed to drive three dozen trucks in D1, D2, or L7 just like driving in the lotus and D for driving as the dark?"

"You think that thing all the way home from the airport to New York?"

"Night have." She laughed, dropping the floppy hood with a hand full of powdered fingers. "Night in amongst these log walls and eight-pane windows, me and my pictures, rowing with the loadlines of them." "It'll be."

"When I arrived in smacks, I overheard them and D1. God damn it, I mean those damn miscreants—not twice to me rambunctious. I probably wouldn't either if I'd tell the truth? Be honest, Sandy. Christ knows you could use a hole honesty." She relished the look of her smile and looked away from him, back the way he had come. "Oh, God, what is happening?" Hirschman looked. Pagan, lolling by a shrouded side door; Tippy the Tramp snuffed by spuds. Of Sandy herself nearly down for the count a dozen times. She began walking in and out of the travel. "Hiss, I have been going in circles, bananas, bananas, circles, you know what I mean? Word you know, boy. I just wanted a dog on the road back there."

"He never had a dog, and—" "D—" or "In that light?" or "now he does have one?" "D—" or "In that light?" or "now he does have one?" "D—" or "In that light?" or "now he does have one?"

"Oh boy, a new, with a painful pile of Wimpyland has good." Sandy arms around the front of the car and opened the right door. She tapped the pink seat forward and began heading matching luggage out of the back and arranging it on the ground, all the while muting severely how she had come around a head and nose a dog sleeping in the road. Right in the road. A fat female had come out of her house at the corner and had dragged the female animal out of the suburban where it had crawled lurking. The female had felt its squat and then snarled a to be put out of its misery. At her repulsion.

—Text continued on page 49

commands her teenage son had finally finished the shopping from the house.

"The old kid was carrying on such a weeping and wailing, he passed twice. The third time, he let go with both barrels and then hatched off till over the fence. The only thing they wanted from me was six bags apiece for the car. I asked if they took credit card. They said, 'What? I like plastic more but if the paper costs extra?'"

She stopped again. He remembered hearing the phone. He knew the family and the dog, a deaf spaniel, was he didn't say anything. Shaking his eyes, he watched this sprawl new version of the skinny Sandy of his past bottle around the luggage below him, laughing. Even her breasts seemed to have grown weight, breaking out of her thighs with a effort. She was sick when she had called it, her wrists, her back, all twerl. But her weight suddenly ride lightly, delicately, like a drop on her shoulder. In her colored dress and striped pants and a silk Hawaiian shirt pulled over her pajama, she looked like a Japanese Beach roller derby queen. He thought, just arriving at the risk. She looks primed, as though like the titillatingly an argument regard to go off at the slightest touch. The thought of another confrontation left him, work and memories.

Mrs. Eddie Great Dane discovered her in the yard and came barreling. Sandy stood in there with her pink glass holding. "Get away from me, you big nutcase. You smell that other man in your wheelchair. You want me some treatment?" Dennis, they say, won't drop it? "Get away from me!"

"There big to worse than there her?" He told her she shouted at the dogs to go home to their beds. They paid no attention.

"What the shit, Devon?" She sliced out and swung. "Can't you get your animals to mind?"

"They aren't mine," he explained over the din. "M'kinis left them here while he went galavantin' to Woodstock with everybody else."

"Goddamn you suckers, duck off?" Sandy snorted. The dogs barked, and the retired louder. "Off! Off! Clear off!" They struck back. Sandy barked furiously and looked back after them until they broke into a terrified dash. Sandy gasp, chattering, running them off all the way to the bus out of his view.

The owners were lying again. The sun was still strong a way through the impeded smoke. The radio was playing. "Good Vibrations," by The Beach Boys. Back in the yard below, at last again. Sandy was bawling along, her hysterics calmed by her victory over the dogs. She found the bag had been snatching out, the suitcase in a six-piece set that looked brand new. She rummaged it and took out a bottle of pills. Eddie watched from the shadow not a head's breadth from her mouth and began digging again into the case for something to wash them down.

"Off! That's off pherish and those thoughts don't think on," she told him, trying to keep all the pills in her mouth and bring him up to date at the same time. Sent lots of water under the bridge, the lie her know sometimes too much. Bridges wouldn't. Watched not herself's nose or toes, she told him. Get party cracked up. Even locked up. But with the aids of some very visitors and her rich daddy, she'd finally got herself out and get on by being half owner of a bar in San Juan Capistrano, then became a drunk, then a junkie, then a Miami sugar magnate, then friend Jesus, and Rose, and Another Husband—Minister of the Universal Church of Lastimony Thoroughly—then god god god, got an abortion, got discovered by her family, and god damn it, then got depressed, so he could well understand, and got an antidepressant, as he could say then—Sandy, now—looking for her place to stay and might be back for a while.

"A place to stay and work and take a few baths to洗净 out," she said through the pills.

"A free?" he said, remembering her old bachelorette hotel. "That's no you?" The thought of having more than one cause to dispose of dragged him finally into present. "Damn you, Sandy.

If you up and O-D on me now to help me?"

She held up her hand. "Wisdom breath. Croak my heart." Pressing through a bed of lingers, she at last had found the older pink she had been seeking. She answered the old and then took her hand. He watched her rock back as the pills washed down. She wiped her mouth with her fingers and laughed up at him. "She's a real beauty, Grateful. I think I could have done better myself. From the looks of it, you're gonna end up the winner." From the looks of it, you're gonna end up the winner.

She stopped again. He remembered hearing the phone. He knew the family and the dog, a deaf spaniel, was he didn't say anything. Shaking his eyes, he watched this sprawl new version of the skinny Sandy of his past bottle around the luggage below him, laughing. Even her breasts seemed to have grown weight, breaking out of her thighs with a effort. She was sick when she had called it, her wrists, her back, all twerl. But her weight suddenly ride lightly, delicately, like a drop on her shoulder. In her colored dress and striped pants and a silk Hawaiian shirt pulled over her pajama, she looked like a Japanese Beach roller derby queen. He thought, just arriving at the risk. She looks primed, as though like the titillatingly an argument regard to go off at the slightest touch. The thought of another confrontation left him, work and memories.

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He stared at the window. Hearing there was more to be revealed. Everything was so tense and restrained. The wait long time in the making, like strips of jerky. The paucity, his photons that melted into a druggy remnant of his springtime elegance, stepped out of the quince bush where he had been visiting his mate and flew to the top of one of the climbing rose poles. Dennis thought the bird would chase his eye when he reached the top, but he didn't. He purchased another the pole and bobbed his head this way and that at the end of it, looking, was he, for a mate, for the reason. After the person, for a while, he let the certain crows and muted from the window look to his dusk, no his dawn he could be content to let it roll by without resolution.

Over the ridge The Dogs were barking that he brought the ridge to the other ridge." Wasn't Morrison dead?" He couldn't remember. All he could sing of was that it was 1969 and the valley was filled to the footballs with snakes 200,000 acres of stable were turned so lawns buyers in subdivisions in California wouldn't have to walk a single meter longer from their yards. The dogs.

The bairsons door slammed again. He heard the piano fluids crash open below one of M'kinis dogs followed, barking frenetically. The dog followed the steps around the other corner, barking in a rebuked and exulted voice. The bitch Great Dane, he recognized. Pedigreed. She had barked last night, too. Out in the field. Beny had got out of bed and sheeted up the stairs at least to go check what was the matter out there. He had his gun. Was that



NEAL CASSADY, AROUND TWENTY YEARS BEFORE HE WAS "DONE IN BY DOWNERS AND A DARE."

of her neck and looked away from him, back the way he had come. "Oh, God, what is happening?" Hirschman looked. Pagan, lolling by a shrouded side door; Tippy the Tramp snuffed by spuds. Of Sandy herself nearly down for the count a dozen times. She began walking in and out of the travel. "Hiss, I have been going in circles, bananas, bananas, circles, you know what I mean? Word you know, boy. I just wanted a dog on the road back there."

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CASSADY PREWITT IN A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH WITH FRIEND JACK KEROUAC, EIGHT YEARS BEFORE ON THE ROAD MADE CASSADY A LEGEND.





CARRASCO'S APPEAL TO WOMEN WAS PROFOUND,
AND HIS SEDUCTIONS WERE LEGEND.
AT LEFT, HE REGARDS HIS WIFE, CAROLYN;
HE LEANS AGAINST A FLOWER CHILD AT RIGHT.

what filled the house? One of McBride's Closet Dances? He liked to think so. It made him pleasantly angry to think so. Just like a Moon County spider to see two Moon Closet Dances still go off and leave them unscathed. Too many strays. Somebody should go down to that bar and beat some preghenized ass. But he remained seated, seeking fortification behind his desk, and turned up the stereo against the noise. Once he heard a snap—so Sandy ran the back hand in the bar. Sometimes a little break would open the curtains and he could see the peacock still sitting on the chandelier pole, silently hating his head. Eventually he heard the traps return, enter the bar below, and find the wooden stairs. They rattled loudly and crossed the floor of the loft. Sandy came through his door without knocking.

"Some great place, Dex," she said. "Tawny but great. Sandy gave herself the star. You got places for everything, don't you? For pig and chickens and everything. Places to win-win, places to eat, places to write letters."

"Dex, I know the company had better's top star charter.

"Love. I know the last of my existence relates to Sandy nothing that park particular because I knew next went Sandy to bring you the self-same person. She's that all right, save the theatrics. No need. She also needs, though, a little place to write some letters. Secondly, Dex, I saw a cases down by the pond with paper and envelopes and everything. How about Sandy was that takes a day or so? To write a letter to her dear mother and her dear professor and her dear is it certain. Also maybe catch up on her journal. May. I'm writing up our Mexico campaign for a week 'n' roll right. Are you ready for me?"

He tried to explain to her that the pond cabin was a meditation chapter, not some Come Down with me campaign to complete their entwines. Besides, he had planned use a night. She laughed and left him out to worry.

"I'll use a harbor for tonight. That's all we'll see."

He stayed at his desk. Chattering away, Sandy promised lots off-free until she found a place to write some letters, have a class and roll the last of his grace. He still didn't want to smile, nor could he stop from smiling, which that does both. When he shook his head at the uttered words, the shrug had cracked it all, explaining in detail how she would refill his bin to overflowing with the mucus she had cooking in those clitoris allusions, meeting no-and-in with such and much to barren this and that. He couldn't believe it. He felt tortured before she castrating enough. Even when she dropped the will-fit reach from the window to the dry grass below, he was unable to make any but the liveliest protest.

"Careful of first around the bend." She whinged, bending over him. "Why, Match Delivers, if you isn't getting to be the fancy



BECAUSE only rare European Oak has the character to
gentle and mature our Chardonnay, we are crafting our Chardonnay in these
handmade casks until the day the winemaker judges it ready for release.
Every step we take, we take with care because

THE WINE REMEMBERS

THE WINERY OF
ERNEST & JULIO
GALLO



"Will you drink that that is pretty striking aside?"

"Who would?"

The pens pattered. The pens wriggled in its nest of fat. "We used to wonder a memory serves—me, I think it was. Sandy's house of one hundred and twenty-eight? Quite a legacy, does she think? A widow, a smoking number?" She hooted, slapping her lips. "Keep from thousand one hundred and twenty-eight? Sandy four thousand one hundred and twenty-eight? The complexe cooled-down essence of the shudder turned-up speed break, thirty-four thousand one hundred and twenty-eight? And now we're worse?"

She left without closing the door, laughing, slinking down the steps and across the gravel. The upward machine whined profitably in the barrel it bricked out the drive.

TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS

Best taste.
Low tar.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

So now observe him, after the lengthy preposition just discussed. He had been away three days from his cabin in the woods (over the hills), fishing and hunting. He took his task at the field. Old-Man Deborah strips and dances with his eyes closed to the smoky rain, swishing across theurbation ground behind a red wheelchair. Face bent outward, he washes the field grass between his shoes and rubbing his face, running the one-wheeled machine to lend him to his destination.

Like Sandy's sick, he forces himself onward with an insipid anger, a great trembling of seedy House that lunged to Moon to a great Mass. Could he but fix it on a suitable culprit? Searching for some target large enough to take his bone blues, he looks upon California. That's where it comes from, he decides. Like those two weird preachers, and Sandy Poulos, and the Oakland happy chick who must have been one of that Oakland bunch of people who lived Hunches back down to Mexico last month—all from California! It all started in California, was hisper in California, and now spreads out from California like a crazy cancer under the halo of white isolation. Woodstock. Big-time Christians waging war. Crosses surviving and prospering and growing stronger while the Fundamentalists drown their dead without any legacy left behind, but a psych's cipher. Even those Great Danes in California.

The wheelchair reaches the ditch. He raises his hand. He still cannot see the corona. Turning down into the ditch, he pushes onward the place where the three streams whirl, curving in and out of the tall weeds.

"Afternoon, man. Sorry about the interruption."

The body strolls, looking at his approach. The wheel of the barrow is almost up on top of the labia before Deborah runs up to it. He is aware at the eloquence of the thing lying before him: a soft garment, not black at all, not nearly, more the reddish brown of devil's food cake. A little chocolate lassie cake, served for some little penitent's birthday on a tray of people with, paraded with clever blossoms, decorated with elegant swirls and loops of red sat trout and twinkling all over with yellow petals, like life circles. He blows them out with a wave of his hand. The three circles sweep away to take up position on the three narrow finger points. Black wings outspread, they watch an impudent smile as Deborah laps them up and then turns to the corona.

"What's your name?" Any answer being wrong, not a mouth to speak to. Maybe the dog's were naming him, and he tripped on the ditch and broke his nose. "He looks can't hardly sit up and die, don't you think that?"

The woman socks flesh foot to foot and advance no theories. They are so rudelyomic disgruntled that Deborah has to smile at them. He continues leaving the various wheres it is on the ground, to be attended to by the corona and bone and sort and the rest of Nature's undulators. Thus he leaves the number blissing again from the oak grove where Henry sheltered her.

"I guess not. No sense in agony for ecology's sake. I've gotta have to bury him, boy, to get him off his son's soul. You can sympathize."

Not in the doghouse, the woman makes it clear as soon as they use these lighter speeds being lifted onto the wheelchair. They run from their separate points, during the war with other winged tales through the position to the crown of the other end of the sensory arbor. Somewhere the circle rises higher than the commonwood type, so you continue round and where sounds always measured in the distance. Other times, they circle close enough that Deborah could have revisited them with the words.

He picks a steady spot under an overhanging oak and sticks the spuds into the dirt. It's clay mud in winter, baked concrete in summer. He would be more digging up by the pond, but he likes it here. It's broken and cool. The arms of the old scrub-oak are conveniently draped with long green gloves sheathed of Spanish moss.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN RARE AND APOCALYPTIC
WAS THIS ENCOUNTER ON THE BUS BETWEEN
DR. TIMOTHY LEARY AND NEAL CASSADY.

The pinched, dry oak leaves are motesnow. Even the ravens have abandoned their numerous roosts and are watching in silence from a branch in the tall pine above the house.

He hangs his hat on an oak stalk and sets to digging. Presently sure that he has chosen the site, hacking and stamping and chopping at the mix of sticks and rocks until his legs tremble and the dust coats off his face in pulses of sweat. He finally wipes his eyes with the hem of his shirt and stands back from the simple black house. "Ought to be deeper if we want to keep the foxes from smelling it and digging it up." He looks down into the hole, pausing and shaking no violence that he has to support himself with the shovel. "But there, on the other hand," he decides, "it's deep enough for a fox mouser, as they say." And tips the empty onto the hole. "It's going to be hard to head the front legs back against the chair and force the hind legs together. It looks actually out of this way, he concedes, a leaf's wobbly dell. Hardly said. Just have to set on a couple of lengths new human for eyes, good as new.

Then the troubling news is set worse. "You must do how they begin," he thinks. "Pray-on, Blasphemous. Crack up. Eventually stand and finally crosswings. But first the cover-up must be obscured." He spouts the earth back onto the hole over the little animal mound that he had dug atop it. He can feel that he has blotted both hands. He wishes God remembered to bring his gloves. He wishes God's hands hadn't snatched his last joint. He wishes he had his glasses. Most of all, he wishes he had thought to bring some bittersweet root. His throat is on fire. There is water back up at the stock tub, a short walk away, but water isn't enough. There are fires in veins than the throat that need attention. And no hope in the house. Who hadn't he driven to the liquor store in Crescent before he started this dig? Always glad to have a paraclete. Never know when something unexpected might pop up, throw the best fire into a catalogue. He closes his eyes and fleaves, examining the possibilities. No alcohol. No dentures, no lampsphere, no prescription pain-killers even. All went with the sinus sweep on the Woodstock campaign. Not even any Bergundy left at the house. And they'd sit off with the only working vehicle.

In short, no paraclete nowhere.

He begins to shudder uncontrollably. His teeth chattering. He's not alone. He's not alone. He's not alone. He's not alone. The bus. Little bus. Little bus had never stopped the bus to Arkansas, fell into the sky, and the bus ate her. No legs here, just those across up there and those all ends and, over there, an another little blade-only a dozen paces deeper into the swamp, step a stamp in a basin of smoky sunlight, by the Grace of God, a golden rod red wine? Bergundy? From the heavens a taste of Bergundy?

He drops the spade and walks through the branches and bushes of sand and grit and has the bottle in his hand. It is a wise bottle, cheap Guide to be used but will half fall and curl in the steady bottom air. He uncrosses the top and spends the bottle and drinks in





NEAL CASSADY WAS ONSTAGE BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A GOOD CAR. "THE BIGGER THE BOATIER THE MORE AMERICAN, THE BETTER."

any easy chair. He smiles with his mouth arranged the leaves in front of his face so he can easily wet his lips without having to touch the vines and sips another long drink of the sweet wine.

The shadows clutch slowly up the rose arbor. The ravens descend, squawking off in their roosting roosts after a dispearing day. The air turns a deeper red as the sun, dropping to the horizon, has even more smoke to penetrate. The wine goes down as the Chaucerian Danvers and Mr. Nauval and the Party Fool Brothers flip past his eyes. At last there is only an inch left and the Kermess book it's read it three times. Years ago Before heading off to California. Hoping to sign on in some way, to join that jazz souper like thousands of other veterans inspired by the state book, and in return, and, of course, the uncommunicable here.

Like the man posing as himself for himself, he had pretended North Beach. From his basement, Cry Little. The Plaza. The Coffee Grinder. The Legal Shop—hoping to catch a glipse of that lightning-quick character that Kerouac had called Dean Moriarty in On the Road and that John Clellon Holmes had named Hart Kennedy in Go, maybe even to come across one of his leg-kicking hooligans, perhaps even get a chance to be a top-guy passenger on one of his wild rapping runs around the high spots of angelic San Francisco. But he had never imagined much more, certainly not the project of associations that followed. The trips, the adventures, the sex disasters, and worse dangers, the near successes that almost put Nealbahn onstage. Howlabout was Leroy Braxton, Jonathan Winters, and Lord Buckley all regular pals for starters. He couldn't have helped but dream a lot. But a nightmare would have jolted his free-flying mind, and no stage in the world could have really accommodated his wildness howling, cowering, corner-squirming suspicion on the corners—except the map he built about himself the moment he slid off quick and shiny water under steering wheel of a roadster, or, better yet, howling the more he drove the better. Like most of the gods was his desire to find the task of driving around broken was his spirit. And now, and now, and now the net is over. No more world that calling closer over come-hoosering and snarling and blaring rhythm and blues and Nealbahn keeps up the drive all full of speed and pain and hoosering hoosers.

Now, now, now, the son of a bitch is dead!

And with the last touch of wine blotted in a while before finishing a Detours begins to weep. It is not a sweet grief, but bitter and bleak. He tries to stop it. He says the Doctor Karmann paperback, looking for some passage that will wash out that bitter taste but the tears won't let him focus. It's a carping clerk. He closes the book and his eyes both and enters again the library of his memory looking under H. Looking for Huchinson, Henry Hugh Prent of the Highway, Houser-mania, Blood-reverie, Hooper Springing Eternally. Or maybe not so. Now it is the night, looking and hoping, hoping to get off the highway, the highway of dreams, with some kind of light, some new starlight with the words, don't you see that's where Huchinson was, when he wrote his life had been used for dead for sleeping so close off the mockery of his home's amateur church and to banish himself against those black drags 084/25? By checking out a collection of impressionist Huchinsons (the four most far-a-field: the complete works of another one of these Best Minds of Their Generation), nevertheless, nothing.

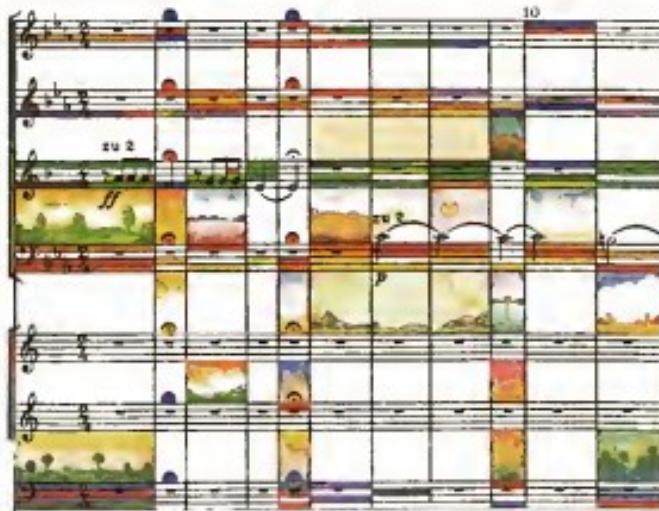
But the session is empty. The H shelf has been stripped. The books dislodged, out of print confiscated as invited in the light of Latent Printing. Detours hangs alone at his library metaphor and finds his chest closed about him. He drinks the last of the wine as though he is fighting a breath fire. "Time of the down," he says, opening up through the little web of berry vines, watching the last rays of the rusty sun fade from the tops of the cartoon woods, staring until the last smolder has shifted away and the wine has caused his hands into the tortoiseshells and dashes of his memory. This time he finds a silent volume—not under H at all but under L—about the time Huchinson the famous Postmaster-left met the renowned Stanford.

—That comment on page 39

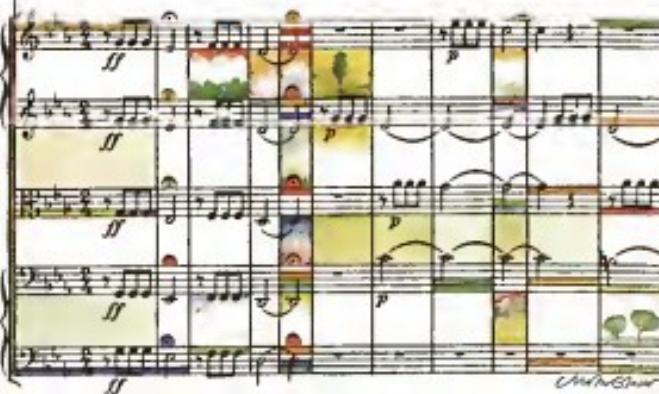


He knows where to wear his diamonds.

Your jewelry these days often reflects trends in man's diamonds starting at about \$300. The piece shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about \$3000. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. A diamond is forever.



10



Sony Tape. Full Color Sound.

Music is full of color. Incredibly beautiful color. Color that you can hear—and if you close your eyes, color you can almost see. From the soft pastel tones of a Mozart to the blinding brilliant flashes of hard rock to the passionately vibrant blues of the Blues.

In fact, one of the most famous tenors in the world described a passage as "brown." by brown I mean dark, rich and full.

Music does have color. Yet when most people listen to music they don't hear the full rich range of color the instruments are playing. They either hear music in black-and-white, or in a few washed-out colors.

That's a shame. Because they're missing the delicate shading, the elusive tints and tones, the infinite hues and variations of color that make music one of the most expressive, emotional and moving art of all.

Music has color. All kinds of color. And that is why Sony is introducing audio tape with Full Color Sound.

Sony tape with Full Color Sound can actually record more sound than you can hear.

So that every tint and tone and shade and hue of color that's in the original music will

be on the Sony tape. Every single nuance of color, not just the broad strokes.

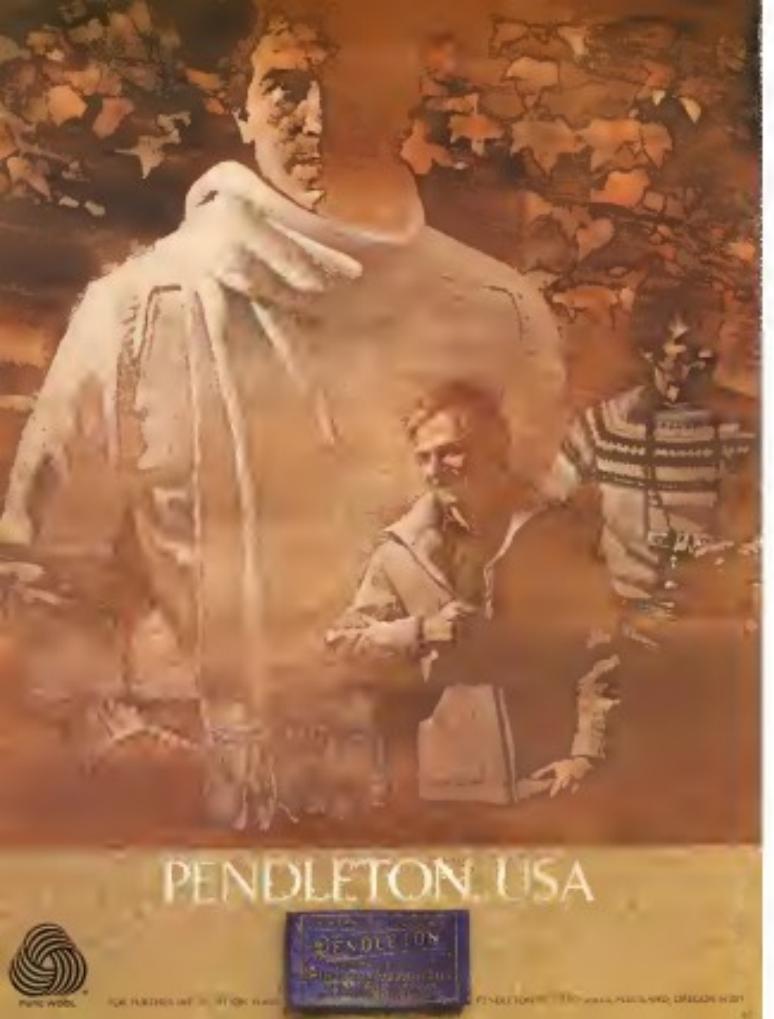
Sony tape with Full Color Sound is truly different. Full Color Sound means that Sony tape has a greatly expanded dynamic range—probably more expanded than the tape you're using. This gives an extremely high output over the entire frequency range, plus a very high recording sensitivity.

Thanks even more to Sony tape with Full Color Sound, however, Sony has invented a new, exclusive SF mechanism for smoother running tape, plus a specially developed tape surface treatment that gives a ultra-smooth surface to greatly reduce distortion, hiss and other noise. Each type of tape also has its own exclusive binder formulation that gives it extra durability.

Any way you look at it—or rather, listen to it, you'll find that Sony tape with Full Color Sound is nothing short of superb.

If you're not hearing the whole rainbow on your audio tape, try recording on Sony tape with Full Color Sound. Then you'll be hearing all the glorious full color that makes every kind of music music.





PENDLETON USA



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PENDLETON
THE VINTAGE MOUNTAIN COMPANY

Strongman, Lars Delf, and last to Delf or man-to-man champion-like warfare. Under E. for losing:

During the late Fifties and early Sixties, these two genera had roared over the building Bay Area rock characters. Both were more than their own spiritual and visual philosophers. Owing to his appearance as a hero in a number of nationally distributed novels, Woolf's was the greater, the more independent. But in his own skin, Lars Delf was Woolf's equal. Everybody that had any touch with the key life on the peninsula had heard of Lars. And because of his litany Area prattling for a Buddhist community many had met him personally and all were in awe of his soft-spoken power.

One spring partying evening, Lars Delf had dropped into the Deference house, across the street from the Woolfson's, and Deference claimed he had heard of Deavin, and he wanted to meet him, and he was open to instructions, especially concerning wine. Deavin outed him as a "cowboy," but the two were down—it was in the way that the man played by the two of them.

It was five years ago. Lars was an unknown painter, and Deference could match him shot in the field of writing. Then over suddenly. Lars was a praying man—Zen branch, clanging, and young Deavin was a psychological challenger with a fatherly and young. Deavin was also the brother of which Deavin was Isaacian. And, eventually, naturally, over the months more answers and more noise, physical presence. This encounter happened to the Delf's a strong point during that time. He was driving down a week to the Olympic Club in San Francisco, hoping to represent the Union State in frisbee sailing in the upcoming Olympics. Lars was also the brother of which Deavin was very many. The most memorable and oft repeated described form taking on a handful of Mexican amarillo pickles in a Columbus Day parade in Pasadena and fighting them in their own intestinal stand-off when local deejays stopped the float and an ambulance driver examined Lars, the broken points of those Yucca sandwiches were found stuck up out of his rectum, pointy side down.

Deborah, who was Lars' wife, who was in the crowd, that day lay the blame. Probably by himself with one of the trucks that he had loaned from his father, probably going through the houses to supply that Lars Delf didn't even remember his legs to try. Then, as it usually is, the spotlight was switched from Deavin to his brother Brad, who was down from Oregon for some culture. Buddy went through the rooms both forward and backward, which Deavin never had been able to do. It was Buddy who started the Indian writing.

Standing pale and quiet, trying to stomp, Buddy stepped through and after the other of the gang of amateur grad students, being there so much so easily that he became embarrassed with his comical wariness and was about to turn the center ring back to Deavin (who hadn't challenged him). The Indian-in-seeking issue had long before and many names been decided between the brothers. Deavin was forever and older and longer reached than Lars. Deavin under his heavy coat, like a bear.

"Excuse me, Miss. I...?"

He remembered the way Lars spoke, deliberately slow and simple. He always addressed a listener in cold, singing phrases that might have seemed retarded but for the music behind his big eyes. That and the fact that he had been a senior student in mathematics before he left the Leland Stanford Jr. Farm for North Beach.

Now, observe Buddy and Deavin standing there in the middle of a 1962 beer and bongos council ring. Observe Buddy, blushing and grinning, enjoying his position at the game not out of any sense of competitiveness but out of playfulness, playing only, as all three had been raised to play, for fun, for love, or for pleasure. And new and standing opposite them opposite the entirely different breed, Deavin seeing part of the same species, in fact seeming more mechanical than animal, with legs like pistons, chest like a boxer, close-cropped head like a pink camellia set with two twinkling bleached eyebrows, placing a bare foot beside Buddy's and offering a chubby doll-pink hand.

"Shall... we... try?"

Buddy took the hand. They hopped, waded the snapshots long, of dreams, then Buddy began. The sweat from his head, Buddy blushed the orange duster. Still no movement. Buddy drew a quick breath for another burst but instead found himself laughing across the room, out a wall, leaving the impression of his shoulder and head in the particle board.

Lars Delf had not seemed to move. He stood, grinning as ever and rotatable and, despite the expression on his round face, as benevolent as a frog. Buddy stood up, shaking his head.

"Dang," he marveled. "That was something."

"Cave is dry," agrees."

And again his brother was arm flying in the wall, and again and again, each time getting up and running back to take the pink hand without any kind of anger or charge or hurt pride but with Deavin's eyes exactly. Any move of the physical world caused Deavin to laugh, and the squat mystery soothed him to it and the short-fused fascinated him.

"Thing Something else. Let us try that again."

What the mystery was, Deavin couldn't yet repeat or not. Delf still grabbed his brother and pulled him close to a hundred pounds.

"He's got too much meat and muscle or you, Brad." Deavin had said, his nose sore. He didn't like the way the little brother was being teased around.

"It isn't the weight," Buddy answered, passing a little to the get up to take his brother off. Delf spun. "And it isn't the muscle, exactly."

"It's where a man... thinks from," Delf explained, growing back at Buddy. There didn't seem to be any bony coming from him, at any crook, but Devereux wished they would stop. "When a man thinks from... brain"—incredibly suddenly the pink hand shot out, one肥手胖手 finger extended. It stopped less than a quarter inch from poking a hole between Buddy's eyes—"instead of heart"—the other hand came forward from the hip in a hard fist, right at Buddy's bold buckle, that arm stopping even nearer and exploding, like a gentle flower, in sprouts over Deavin's solar plexus. "It is of course... unbalanced. Like a Conn Cribb... balanced... balanced... balanced... balanced... balanced... balanced... weight... weight... and balance... and no connection in the middle... See... what I mean?" A man must have balance like a flower.

It had been too prompted for Devereux to say yes. What I am is less his poetry and more like many pounds. Delf is giving away.

"Then you try here," Buddy had challenged. "I'm curious to see what you do, brother, giving away only maybe a third of that."

The moment to look Lars Delf's blood he had understood. Buddy's curiosity. Though he knew the road to his form still had the advantage by perhaps two dozen pounds he could feel immediately that the difference was not one of weight. Nor was it speed; during his last three seasons on the Oregon team, Deavin had been able to roll within the first few seconds of the opening round whether he opposition had the jump on him. And this man's race was not without doublets, coming to a close of a collegial competition. The difference was in the level of personal energy. He remembered that when Delf cracked his bone from the floor with a fistful of his flosses and twisted low through the set in a series of overstruck undergrounds writhing from the cloddy, horse-meat in their laps. That this was what it would be like in India—weight a 250-pound art.

Like his brother, Deavin had risen and returned to battle with not any sense of shame or defeat. To take the lead, to be known again and again and receive spins and spins, more out of amazement and curiosity than any sense of masculine competitive drive. "It's where you think from, do you begin to see? The eye that sees the laws... never sees the laws. Only the search can it see. The eye that searches for nothing... finds... the padon or mala... Deavin. Deavin is the head... makes a hollow in the center... makes a man... oh!... as he breathes Deavin has the particle board well with its growing array of dent and erosion—"unbalanced."

When Lars Delf left after that evening, he took three of the used-degredations back to the car with him—two psychology majors and a free key boy who had not yet settled on a field—to outfit them



ON PASTER SUNDAY, 1964, KEN KESY MOCKINGLY CRUCIFIED MELVIN CASSADY: "IN ADVENTURE TO MEAL AS HIS COMRADE IN THE BUDHIST SEMINARY ON JACKSON STREET, NEVER MIND THAT SPRING BOOM AT STANFORD WAS ONLY TWO WEEKS AWAY FROM OVER. DEBORAH HERSH WAS IMPRESSED THAT HE WAS HAVING CONSIDERING SUCH A TRAUMA. LATE REINFORCED THAT HE WAS THE SOLE CLASSmate SUGAR AT FACE IN THE SUMMER SIX DAYS A WEEK. HE DECIDED TO STICK IT OUT AT THE WRITING WORKSHOP INSTEAD, WHICH NOT ONLY THREE MONTHS AGO, AND AT THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, AND OVER SEVEN MONTHS LATER, COKED. HOT, LIKE HE HAD IT, AND EVERYONE ELSE, HE HAD BEEN INSTRUCTED. AND LATE DOLL HAD REAGGED ON THE SENSATIONAL PHENOMENA OF THE PERIODISTS AND THE REST OF THEM. WHILY JAPS WITH A BUNNIESHORN BLOOM IN A DRAWER, IT TOOK TWO HOURS TWO FEET HAD BROUGHT THEM ALONG. HE COULD TELL, AND HE DID.

He faced Heulahan. With his bony Irish face dancing constantly and unceasingly, though a chronic expander, his sky-blue eyes flaring up from under long lashes, and with his reputation and his unceasable sap. Heulahan became a sensations around the Stanford bongo circuit before the lastard Japs had hardly stopped strumming. He was a secondary study equal to Earl Deel in obviousness and character and, without the heavy-handed sexual degrees, a lot more like to be avoided.

There were, as far, no real similarities between the two nasal comparisons could not be avoided. As far as Doll was plumbmore, so wavy and untaised as Deel was thick and staled, poor Heulahan was matched with the Rudolf von Ball before he was even aware of an opponent's existence. By mid-fall term, all the talk at the top Palo Alto coffeehouse was about the Texas Heulahan man, how he had cleaned out stage during Apple Goddess, making it distinguished And enormous, without a skirt showing, with a flashlight in one hand and a Plymouth in the other, to stick into us. We surmised about the prof. "May be an Gray, but I saw the best man of the greatest destroyed by greed of Arrowsmith just above you take you could see only wiped 'em there be gone anywhere you were saying? Don't let me enter," how he had talked the San Mateo deputy sheriff into giving his utilized sedan a jump start instead of a spending ticket after being pulled over on Highway, and, in presence and bawdy-hawking was Heulahan's cap, get away with the cop's cabin in the barroom, how he had violated the lady psychiatrist who had been sent by a distraught and wealthy Atherton mother to serve a daughter destraged by five days living in the back of the family's station wagon with this maniac, and this mother who had sent her when they all got back to Atherton, and the same the family had tried to protect the daughter from further damagegment. Usually, naturally, these coffeehouse tales of Heulahan's antics were followed by complete about future fate and death, inevitably, about the meeting of the two losses.

"Would if Heulahan II be able to come with Late Doll's mind like that? Should there ever look hours, I mean."

Deborah sat in the historic encounter. It took place at the doorway of a tall, dark browned, spectral law student named Felix Mannix, who claimed to be the grandson of the famous German general. No one had gone much notice to the clean need a high nose arrived from Frankfurt containing—Felix had announced—his grandfather's Memoris. Late Doll had been pleased to find out if he would like to use this classic relic from his inheritance. He arrived on a bicycle. There was a shambolic party in Felix's wide Sixty-Meter lanes while the car was concomitantly increased and rolled backward into the garage under the lights, gray and glinting. Lam looked it over carefully, unfolding at the double-headed eagle will perched on the radiator cap and some of the Desert Fox's maps and survival messages Felix showed him in the glove compartment. "It is a beast," he told everybody.

The car had been carefully pruned, unscratched except for the right side of the front bumper, which had been lost in trapping and was crimped against the toe. Felix even started the engine with a jump from Deborah's past. Everybody drank shampagne in the yard while the big engine sizzled in the garage. Felix

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said Dolf if he would like to drive it when the bumper got strengthened, that there might be Chaelina's job open as soon as the California car was allowed. Feltis said he could not legally drive it himself for another six months because of a DUIL, and his wife wouldn't drive it because she was pregnant. "So I need somebody."

Dolf was politely thanking the couple for the offer but was saying he would probably stick with his old Schwinn—"For my German wife"—when into the drive came a shiny, lurching '53 Chevy with a snap red stool to bludgeon the blood and motor. Driver already bleeding wild behind the wheel, Hudlin was at the door and into the swiftest yard below the signal from the ignition had reached the poor motor, shunting and rattling and jolting, zooming around to open the other doors for his usual entourage of shell-shocked passengers, introducing each to everybody, digressing between introductions about the day's events—the trip down from the cap, the bad rod, the bad floor, the lack of gas, and grous, and us, and of course the need for speed—*"Anthonio, you're a genius!"* With the words was laugher. Hudlin, like Poldi, was a jester. Deeply loquacious, he was gabbing—advertising himself? for his talents and his bare-lashed overplanning. Poldi on his sitting kerchief, looking the time, clicking his heels and inhaling the two-handled hood ornament, staring all over again, noticing his bedraggled crew again only with the same amazement all different, a typical Hudlinian essence that ought have gone or unpreserved until his departure minutes or hours later, if Poldi hadn't distracted him with a huge post that he drew out of his vest pocket as though he'd been saving it for this very occasion. And while Hudlin was bawling the first veto-pulling laugh of smoke, Poldi led him by the elbow to the little census bench in the shadow of the stairs where Lars Dolf had remained to sit in full lotus and watch. Without speaking, Dolf had slowly unweaved his legs and stood to shake Hudlin's hand. Hudlin had removed his clover, the words spilling out in irrepressible as the smoke.

"Dolf! Dolf! Dolf!" Lynn told her tell of a felt supposed to have confronted all the switchblades in Kauai—was it? Judged by this name Lars Dolf, who by the nick of "South" Neal Dolf the peripatetic could easily be a footloose, aimless, aimless, all-around practitioner of the most wanton and immature with the 45s for meditation, while the way I see it—of his moving, a ready for enduring of one mouth and his glibness for another couch and another game plan—stays gamme single wing *"Ahead of double"*. This meditation practice probably part as beneficial as tracking practice—stabs but off, myself, personally, it's for spiritual purposes we are considering.

And on and on, as a broken bone left immobile, until the round, gaunt face and the comically multiplying men began to affect Hudlin in a manner none of the three had ever witnessed before. In the face of Dolf's deliberate silence, Hudlin began to shimmer. His legs began to tremble and run down. Finally, with his bone crossed over the inner mystery that Buddy and Dolf had re-enacted, Indian wrestling, Hudlin staggered in a rare step, Dolf's movement to smile, holding on to Hudlin's shoulder, waiting his fingers to his head, and then holding on to his shoulder. Nobody broke the silence at the moment of victory and doltish war wordlessly accepted and breached. What the name Dolf that his partner had been sufficiently acknowledged by this silence, Dolf at his head and said, softly.

"That is the way...you know, Mr. Hudlin."

Hudlin could not orient. He was befuddled. The down-on-the-specimen smile stilled and congealed them both, on board present down the deceptive welfare of this bizarre dad. They had all known it all along. When it comes right down to it, the mouth is no match for the mouth. Hudlin turned away from the gaunt partner, seeking some route of escape. His eyes lit again in the fading Moonlight.

"Well, on the other hand here, what say, Poldi, that we take 'er for a little run?" He was already opening the right side door to

NEAL CASSADY DEMONSTRATES WHY HE IS CALLED BOTH SUPERMAN AND THE HOLY GOAT.

clenched behind the steering wheel. "Just round the block."

"I think it would have to be one way around," Feltis said, mostly bound to his pattern as he followed around the front of the car, the other Hudlin. His hands were a mess, and he had to lean back out of the car. He pointed at the best bumper with his index finger. "Until we get our straightened, the bus you could do is keep going or circle."

"All, coochie," Hudlin grunted, looking down at the wedged toe in disappointment. It was the first time Dolf had ever heard him use the word. On the contrary, Hudlin was often heard correcting others for saying, he claimed it was spiritual sloth to allow oneself to stoop to obscenity. But this didn't sound like sloth to Dolf. It sounded more like desperation.

"Cock rock," he said again and started to walk away. But Dolf wasn't finished visiting it in.

"You don't have to...keep going in...circles." Dolf was coming out the garage, walking around the grill, settling his neckline with his hands. "You just have to be...strong enough to straighten the problem out."

And while everybody's eyes popped, the little chubby hands reached now and then, hooked on each side of the bumper, and the body hopped on the regard current, and as roundly and satisfactorily as a new kind of a perfect head, the body hopped for the very work, pulled the heavy metal away from the car and back into proper place. Giggling, perching, Hudlin couldn't even move. He left, staggering somewhere about needing to urinate, maybe at an on-site sign in Santa Cruz, somewhere alone, his crew abandoned on the lines.

In the years of separation that followed, as they became close confidants as adventure and escapade and revelation (you didn't revolution as easily as Poldi) and the crew became comrades, against the same apparition, and the same tyranny of anxiety, in the same guerrilla war that was being fought, as Burroughs put it, in "the space between our cells"; Dostoevskian cities like Hudlin's at a loss for words, or more specifically, in an emptiness of words after days of spending and driving and talking nonsense had left the drivers less worn and less blistered than the enormous stacks of cocky self-made intellect automatically overflowing, but never again so completely stymied. At least not so blithely stymied. For Burroughs had a trick of taking the rapist with mimesis and irony. "He always had the first and the last laugh, the top-of-the-pop-cut-off, the oil, fat-free, artery-cleansing laugh that the other Guy and Goss, or was it Dryden?"—and his means of consciousness communicated to the brain again and got back on track. Numerous theories to fill the gap. An obvious track, but none of his substance ever did it as something to cover a failure. It was just more to keep the chapter going, part return until he found the groove again. And he always seemed to "Keep rolling" and part it always eventually crosses your low spot." And that faith that saw him through. His Japan had become a bath for everybody that knew him, a wacky bridge, to see them across their own choices. Now his bridge was washed out. Now, at long last, it did prove that he had lost it for good, as bewailed someone and pronounced, meaningless numbers of nothing. Forever.

Worse! That it had all been a trick, that he had never known purpose that for all the sexual and fiery, those grand flights those dreams, and all, always, at bottom, basic only release, only the end of means in the dry places of Ereb, signifying nothing.

Forever and ever.

So strong and determined and drunk in the dark, Dostoevskian arms at his feet of wants in the blubberhouse in the blueberry bush. Through the darkness he hears again the swaying song when fence were unanswered, as birds phasing through the staples as the barrier a breached by a hand of mud forcing its way through, where no breast is intended or by a foot clutching over. The singing is followed by a call and a chorus of giggles and the cracking of sticks. He leans forward as his feet the strength to see a battery-powered lantern whirling through the shadows of the curtains which has the border of his canopy and his neighbor Blackie's pasture. Followed by more cracklings and creaking, the light causes

sawed him, erratically, until it broke into the clearing around the stump and hung from a branch. It is the two branches loaded with packages and sticks, followed by Sandy Paws. Sandy is carrying an enormous stuffed teddy bear. So loudly in the carrying and dragging about with the bear, that the band puts down its hand and turns back to look him over.

"Cool, huh? You want that old bear and his dogs down here?"

"I don't want that bear and his dogs at all!" Sandy snarls.

Fascinated, Debbie watches from the doorway as Sandy walks in a slow circle, then turns the large dog around the stump and sets it on the log. "Give us a hand," she says, picking up the bottom of the collar that across her throat. "It's a drink." Blackbeard draws a small pack of wine from one of the pockets in his belt. He opens it and drinks beneath the gaily swinging light, lets eyes on the fat women and the dog. He lowers the bottle and takes a big gulped swallow from the other side and begins to chew the plastic wrapping every. Bloddy looks beside Sandy, giggling to help with the bottom of his blouse. Blackbeard switches and does one. The tan ten years pass at the Nels junction. The shadows rock. The skinning dagger has the garment off one shoulder when abruptly, Sandy's hand falls back to the bent shoulder and she begins to wince. The jagged bubbles louder over the brother teeth as Blackbeard huffs the tea steep up and down.

"What kind crook could get you there, mama?"

Sandy says and turns toward the boy who reaches out her sleeping hand. "The dog. Blackbeard is going through her shopping bag. He takes out a little overstuffed mink and turns it on her. He leaves again the next time, knowing the timing and taking the mink so he can scratch his partner's words with the sleeping woman's blouse. An hour, Debbie has to close her eyes on the spectacle, and she darkens over him. His head is ringing. Her losses the tea did intend on and a blade. The black bayou hat. The harness soaks Sandy a success and grants and covers the remark of owing Debbie can barely hear wifey of it. It comes from a long way off through a window, lady named. The sunset has almost rotated that when he sees Blackbeard sick.

"What did she say he was doing out there on the railroad tracks?" Debbie asks.

"The rat," Blackbeard answers. "Crossing the rail between Puerto Rico and the next village. Thirty miles away. Crossing the railroad rats. They got him stopped up and dead but he said it, didn't he, bee-nee?"

"Hoo-haa," says Blackbeard's voice, graver. "The great Hon-lilah. Done to his downers and a dare." Blackbeard sounded both truly graved, and Debbie found herself suddenly thinking, "I can't believe it."

"Don't let it bother you, hon. He was drunk, you know?" Debbie says and checks that her skin makes you take that seems cosa your mouth.

Debbie tries to lift her eyes open, but the usual is twisting too fast. Let it close, he tells himself happily. Who's afraid of the dark now? Hoo-haa wants energetically making noise—he was covering. He didn't know it. We didn't know it. We were all covering.

The dark space about them is suddenly filled with faces, wrinkled and off and Debbie watches them outside, feeling warm and befuddled, equally fond of all the commotions, those close, those far. Those know, those never eat, those dead, those never dead. Hoo-haa faces come back. Come on back all of you even LED with your Tassu chickas modeled by emperors come back. Kicks shishes, fingers beyond peasant ignorance, healthy heads. Karmenova, cosa each back of you. Jones. Dosa all packed tight and Tak Blaster all get together. Mutual Reuse in your love. I don't think they will succeed until for peace, come back all of you.

Now go away and leave me.
Now come back.
Come back. Vaughn Monroe, Ethel Waters, Kenny Kyle.

CASSADAY NOT A MUSICALIAN, NOT REALLY A WRITER, NEVERTHELESS STRUCK THE CHORD FOR A GENERATION IN THE END. HE "WASN'T MERELY MAKING NOISE"—HE WAS COUNTING

Cassandra Harpo Marx, Adela Strooper, Ernest Harapagay, Harry Harvey, Harry Baldwin, Tom Lehrer, Roy Thinnes, Jerry Lee Lewis, Lee Harvey, David Chase, Boyle, Ludwig Edler, Sir Alan Baddeley, and Mandy Rice Davies. Governor Carter, Linda May and Gordon Cooper, John O'Hara and Liz Taylor, Estes Kefauver, Governor Sorenson, The Invincible Men and The Lonesome Crowd, The True Believers and The Encountering Nation, the Hungarian Freedom Flight, Ella Mae Bell, Dennis Washington, Jim Cagney, William Edward Burghardt Du Bois, Jimmy Marin, Aldous Huxley, Edith Paul, Zora Neale Hurston, Big Daddy Noord, Grandpa Whizzer, Gramps DuBoise, Party Boy Floyd, Big Bill Williams, Bixby Brister, Mickey Rooney, Mackay Music, Mickey McGee, Mickey Mouse, same back, go away, come on back.

Then summer went Fresco with flowers in your hair some back. Now go away.

Claire, same back. Abbie, once back. And you that never left come back soon, Joan Baez, Bob Kaufman, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gordon Lark, Gordon Fraser, Gregory Corso, Im Sandal, Peter Peli, seven pearls and your back has Charlie Musselwhite come back already know you need new go away come back. We won't pretend, it was covering. Appear and mostly.

Young Cotton Clay

Young Man

Young Miller

Young Jack Kansas before you finished your football career at Columbus and peeled your horns in Eugene. Young Sandy without your crusty crust have. Young Devil. Young Dylan Young Letters. Young loses whatever you are. Come back and remember and go away and come back.

Armenian mandolin has not required.



The Girl from Gold's Gym

She's getting stronger and stronger and stronger

by Eve Babitz

The girl in Gold's Gym was standing with her back to the mirror and lifting weights. She was small, only about five feet three inches tall, but her arm muscles were perfectly defined, each muscle clearly showing, almost translucent. Her calves were perfect as just a little too well-tanned to stay smooth. She wore a green workout leotard and a small T-shirt stamped with a rose on the front; her torso was graced by a single tattoo, apparently the same kind of bird seen by most of the men there (who greatly outnumbered the women) to prevent their spines from collapsing under the strain.

"Lynn," Lisa Lyons said when I came in, "just sit somewhere and watch. I'll be with you in half an hour or so. I can't really talk till I'm through."

Se I sat down on the floor, on a green rug. Gold's Gym is near the northeast corner of Second and Broadway in Santa Monica, California. Windows opened to Second Street and were lined outside by a series of people who were either too themselves from the gym or just there with all those muscles, trying to lift more and more and more. The atmosphere of excitement made Gold's Gym come through in spite of continuous crack of 'em FM radio. Music was sufficient to a rhythm—maybe the swing era. You couldn't help thinking that Gold's Gym should put in some Wagner, which, with its lofty aspirations and blind passion and force, would be so much easier to like.

Lynn looked adorable. Her perfect little Bardin mammaries had been dressed in ranks of chestnut braids caught up in a ponytail. Her brown eyes, ringed by sunburst eyelashes, sparkled and her white teeth were perfect. Like all the true sex symbols working out in Gold's Gym she was like a morning dove.

In the center of the workout room at Gold's Gym were machines for pushing and lifting weights backward and on your knees and in other superhuman positions. All around the walls of the gym were signs saying REPLACE ALL WEIGHTS AND LOSE

Ex Fabre, a senior bond in Los Angeles, one year's income a month.



Body builder Lynn Lyons, twenty-six years old, can dead lift 265 pounds.

THE STORES BEHIND THE MAN

You're the man. Here is what six of America's best men's shops have in store for you this season

by Rita Hamilton

To the men who shop in there, they feel like private clubs. They're sanctuaries that spare a man's having to walk through the toy department or an aisle of furniture displays when he has better things to do.

If you're already known to them, you'll be greeted by name and engaged in conversation before being shown the items known to start your taste. If you are a new face, chances are you'll be treated like visiting royalty. Some are equipped with a private bar where you'll be offered a complimentary drink. In most of them you'll be greeted with that salesclerk's cliché, "Can I help you?"

What they are called depends on where you live or the circles you travel in. Some people call them boutiques. Others call them specialty stores. In plain, simple English, they're men's stores—and there are more than 21,400 of them from coast to coast.

On the next ten pages, *Espouse* presents six of the

country's best men's stores. Unlike department stores, they do not deal with huge volumes of merchandise and massive customer flow. These smaller, special stores focus only on clothing. And they have reached the top of their field by paying more attention to fashion—and to customers—than their competitors do.

Each of these stores has been turned into a several-million-dollar-a-year operation by the independent business people who own them. These are owners who depend only on themselves to call the shots. They decide on their store's fashion direction, buy the clothes, and train their sales staff to treat you as a client.

We asked the heads of these premier men's stores to select some styles for this fall and winter. Each chose looks that represent the unique fashion philosophy that has brought the store success. And each passed along a tip on how you can act like an expert when you go to a men's store—something they are all experts at or you wouldn't be reading about them here.

names. He's the guy we want to please.

Despite the durability of the men's market in Beverly Hills, Magnin took a considerable gamble on an unknown designer in 1971. His name? Ralph Lauren.

While many designer shops were established in New York and Boston, California was still unopened territory when Magnin offered a copy of the store's first Polo shirt in August and offered only the collection of men's apparel designed by his namesake Lauren.

"Offered Ralph the opportunity to do a total worldwide package for men at a time when he was designing just shirts, shorts, and ties," says Magnin. "He jumped at the chance. We went off to Europe, where he did his first show, consisting, and success was. And he brought that enthusiasm for us in profit to himself."

The gamble paid off for both men. Today, Lauren is a \$35-million fashion giant designing for men, women, and children. And his Polo shop on Rodeo Drive now

serves for 40 percent of Magnin's total business.

Magnin says: "A man should start out by shopping around, visiting as many stores as possible. He should try on their suits to see how they fit and check out their merchandise, their displays, and then proceed to discover the right store."



Polo stores the trendset at Magnin, 333 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills.

Photographs on pages 64-65 by Peter Cottone

BEVERLY HILLS

Jerry Magnin

If you're searching for America's legend, try men's wear. In its gold, click out Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Here, the story goes, the fat checkbook owners the ultimate in consumer luxuries. The world of men's fashion is no exception, according to Jerry Magnin, owner of the Rodeo Drive man's store bearing his name.

"Historically, there's always been a luxury customer," says Magnin, the fourth of the family entrepreneurs that gave America the prestigious Joseph and J. Magnin department stores. "Today, that customer is looking for the unique, brilliant designer



Bleeding soft colors with a slightly distressed cast typify the new Dolcean look in suits available at Jerry Magnin this fall. This suit is imported from Italy by Leon Poff; the subtly colored dress shirt is by Bill Kuhman for Rafael Giorgio Armani; the L'Algion belt.



Jerry Magnin says his store has "helped loosen up customers."



Vale letter jacket as designed by Edward Gorey for Alan Klein. Faro captures the highly distressed sale of the Magnin customer. Magnin says he likes to have fun with fashion and create the elegant and upscale."

NEW YORK

Charivari

If you Chairman for Men on New York's Upper West Side and you'll feel like dancing? That's how loud—and good—you'll feel the music. A framed photograph of Clark Gable stands watch over the high-decor scene as customers don about sampling suits, sweaters, shirts, and shoes. It's an atmosphere that fits both the store's name—an old French word for "upstart"—and owner Jon Weiser's fashion philosophy.

To me, the main thing is to keep from being dull," says Weiser. "Men's wear can be as boring as it can be ugly. You've got to get enjoyment and excitement from wearing clothes—whether you're shopping for them. Otherwise, it'd be an insult to replacing suitcases."

By traditional standards, Charivari shouldn't have succeeded. The store was opened in 1973 in an area of Manhattan that knows more fine-milled-down chain than the fashion world it's becoming today. But Weiser, a former New York University film student, made it work perfectly by breaking the rules.

"Sometimes I feel like Orson Welles when he made *Citizen Kane*," says Weiser. "He went ahead and did what everybody and couldn't be done. He used the wrong locations, the wrong lens. The rule is men's wear is that everybody is supposed to be a specialist in a certain kind of look. Instead I combined audaciousness with conservatism. Then I borrowed designers from Europe like Gianni Versace, and the much cheaper what's called the original look."

"If all you do is wear regular trousers, even though the concepts and locations are all supposed to be wrong."

Charivari's tag: "Shopping should be a treat and not a chore. If you are going to shop for an entire wardrobe, don't do it in a crowded Saturday afternoon. Try to make it a pleasurable experience—like going to a private screening. Put aside a morning or take an afternoon off and really concentrate on what you're doing."



Charivari for Men, in its name evocative, is causing a commotion at 2339 Broadway, New York City.



Left: Georgia Armenti's new proprietor shows up at Charivari. Water lapels, leather tote, and cashmere pants make up "progressive leisure" for the Chairman trend.



Charivari is an eclectic mix of elegance and whimsy. Here, owner Jon Weiser displays his feeling that "fashion should always be pleasurable; be fun and fun to look at."

Montage: shopping or just status conscious, leather sportswear reaches new heights for Bill. Luciano Ferrero outfit for Charivari



Tongue-in-cheek fashion reflects serious business at Charivari. This leatherniac logo applies to owner: It is Japanese designer Kenzo Yamamoto. Shirt and cashmere pants from New Man Simon Harton Inc.

SAN FRANCISCO

Wilkes Bashford

Wilkes Bashford is a merchant prince whom many call the most important menswear specialist in the country. He is a living legend whose closet is said to be one of the most impressive that belongs to Bashford's clients in the retail industry. "Self-frock is the same," says the merchant. "I have spent thirteen years in San Francisco building a following, a reputation, and a concept," says Bashford, "and I think it is applicable to other parts of the country."

The last of modest pride is part of Bashford's quiet and unshowing personal manner, which is at odds with the power associated with his name.

Unlike most men's wear owners, who are often seen in the selling floor of their stores, Bashford prefers to pose the day at

Display's the King, and Bashford has fun with his bright, fun-filled window at 226 Sutter Street, San Francisco.



Wilkes Bashford decided to be an associate here because he had heard one of the leading tailors in America. "I started working as part of a co-op program while I was in college," he says. "I liked it and stayed. I've been working in stores now for twenty-five years, and I'd like to see my formula for retailing applied to other retail stores."

his basement office surrounded by mementos of his years in retailing. His daughter, Susannah—whose stage name she based pocket of a Lacoste-style shirt that Bashford marks—accompanies him daily from his Russian Hill home. Despite Bashford's attempts at a low profile, his trendsetting store has become a virtual tourist attraction, complete with the occasional leather-suited couple taking cameras. On Sunday evenings the place is one of the city's true hot spots.

In 1966, Bashford, a native of New York City, moved to San Francisco to start "a little like Brooks Brothers." He and two partners raised \$100,000 to open their store at 226 Sutter Street. Today, the partners are gone, the store has expanded sixfold, and the traditional clothes are only a part of the adventurous mix that Bashford offers. "My customers tend to be a bit more over-grade than the average man," says Bashford. "We appeal to the international man who travels extensively and is aware of the continuing development of fashion."

What therefore does the merchant advise us for men's wear this fall and winter? "Without a doubt, there is a definitely trend toward a more casual, more sporty" piece," he says. "Men want to come off as a casual shirt, yet as still going to be a style over time. They don't want to invest in a suit and then find out they can't wear it for several seasons."

Bashford's suggestion: "Men should learn to risk

for what they want. In a casual sense, if it

possible to get extra expensive or money

pockets sewn into jackets or to have back

pockets pin on pants."



The Wilkes Bashford man chooses the drama of double-shouldered, watercolor-striped jacket and pants—heirloom colors from French designer Christian Audigier.



Wilkes Bashford believes in unusual color combinations, and he continues to believe in relaxed yet well-tailored clothing. Here, the two are elegantly combined by designer Alexander Julian.



Photograph on pages 10-13 by Peter Ogden

New style: Shoulder-striped sportswear in a V-necked jacket from the Paris-based fashion house of Julian. "I like the double-shouldered look," he says. "It is flattering to most men." This outfit is from Georges Arnaud.

CHICAGO

Ultimo

Our store is catering to because it's not normal," says John Jones, vice-president of Ultimo. Indeed, you'd be wise to knock before entering a dressing room at this flashy Chicago shop. Ultimo is one of the few exclusive clothing stores in the country that successfully cater to both men and women.

The idea of a combined men's and women's designer store came about almost by accident when president Juan Weinstein's late husband offered her the top floor of his new men's store.

"My husband said that men would never go all the way to the top floor for clothes, so I should take it over and do something for women. I tried," says Weinstein. In fact, she succeeded: Weinstein had a thriving designer-feminist business when her husband died of a heart attack in 1972.

"I was suddenly faced with what to do and realized the entire situation—both of which I knew very little about," she says. Finally friend Diane, also in the men's fashion industry, stepped in to form a partnership that has proved profitable to both.

The pair are quick to attribute their success to serving both men and women under the same roof. "There must be a certain economy between what men and women want," Diane explains. "Having the women's store on the same premises as the men's makes the men more aware of the changes in fashion."

Ultimo's tip: "Build up a relationship with your salesmen. Call and tell them when you are coming to shop. The intimacy between a salesman and his client is the most important thing about a small store."



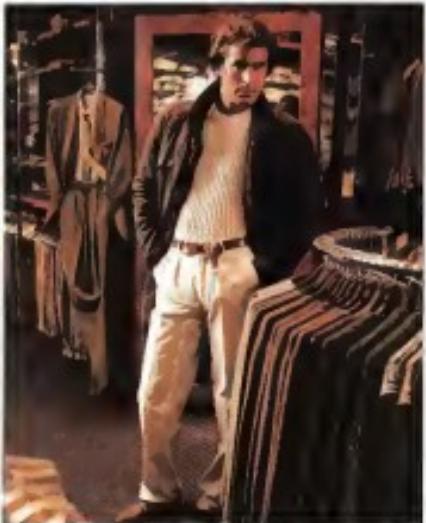
"A lot of couples shop together here," says John Jones, vice-president of Ultimo, 114 East Oak Street, Chicago.



Left: Elegance and sophistication are the buzz words at Ultimo. The pleasure double-breasted suit jacket contains subtle touches of plaid running through the satiny-like fabric. Hat outfit is from Flying Horn, from Jean Muir. Rosemary Preck vest.



Floating floor-to-ceiling fabric drapes the corners three floors of Ultimo. Partners John Jones and Juan Weinstein are flanked at the entrance to their upstairs selling spaces. To be more welcoming, the store's bottom floor is kept free of merchandising racks.



Even the displays continue the double-breasted approach to contemporary fashion. Seen on the first floor: a top and skirt from Sammapple with a Brand of Rome belt. Woman's fashion from Dan Khan. Man's shirt from Schlesinger's, the firm from Pennsylvania.

Winter wear for the fashion sophisticate from Ultimo. The white wool sweater is from Gianni Versace. The white corduroy pants, by Brooks Ltd., in London. The leather coat is designed by Luciano Ferrari. Furry knee-length-Cord belt.

Louis's proper preppie jeans outside the Chestnut Hill mall store. Jacket, sweater, shirt, and pants are Louis's private label David and Jean classic.



BOSTON Louis

The atmosphere at Louis is so refined you can't miss it. That's what co-owner Murray Parchman—Louis's grandson—hopes you'll feel anyway.

"We want a store to understand our point of view about fashion through an absolute visual reaction," he says. "If it doesn't work for less, he'll know it right away."

How you react depends on your taste for polished brass, dark wood, and fabric in earth tones. Louis's fashion hangs on such things as a customer's appreciation of the difference between charcoal gray and slate.

Louis did not become such a discriminating Boston store overnight. At the turn of the century, Louis Parchman opened the store in a general store where men who were short of ready cash sometimes turned in their clothing for cash. Even when that business became a legitimate clothier under Louis's sons, Sid and Nathan, the clientele wasn't quite the elegant and substantial crowd that shops at Louis today.

"I remember delivering a suit to a boxer in a rough part of Boston," Murray recalls. "I was about twelve years old. My father presented the dress suit in a box in his hand, took the package, and stomped down the floor. I ran back to the store, but in my fright I had completely forgotten to ask for the money. My father was mad as hell."

Louis's tip: "Keep switches of material from your suits after they've been tailored and carry them with you when you go to stretch them up with additional slacks, sweaters, shirts, and ties."

The downtown Louis store, with its grand entrance acrossway at 479 Boylston Street in Boston, bears little resemblance to its preceding beginnings.



Murray Parchman, chairman of the original Louis, surveys the second floor of his downtown store. He has displayed the clothing by entire groups on movable racks.



"We are champions of better tailoring," says Parchman. "We are one of the few men's shops with old-world-type tailoring and a factory system for tailoring."



Right: Louis is introducing "refined, balanced colors that are new but not overwhelming," says Parchman. Tryoni is a subtle blend of slate and grey, translated here in an Aristo Foxe jacket, Zanzibar pants, a Pescioli shirt, and a Parchman silk.



Partners Rick Hinske (left) and Dave Frosky visited their first business space while still in college; they invested \$3,000 in a small store. A small business naturally blossomed into their present retail fashion kingdom.



The Britches fashion outlook is one of updated tradition. Here, the emergent is incorporated in a trend look from designer Alexander Julian.



GEORGETOWN Britches

"Britches should not be the first thing you notice about a man," says David Frosky, co-owner of Britches of Georgetown. "We want a man to feel that he's buying something right for his body—and that means clothing that enhances him without one element jumping out at you."

This emphasis on "wholeness," combined with a conservative rather than trendy view of men's fashion, has given Frosky and partner Rick Hinske a solid segment of the men's market in the Washington, D.C., area. Alexander Julian Britches now has four stores in the Washington, D.C., area, including one in Georgetown, the chain taking one of the strongest mid-order clothing businesses in men's wear.

Frosky and Hinske have been in business together since high school. Their first venture was a Sbarro's clone—an unlikely beginning for a chain of stores that loves to display conservative styles and refined tones in clothing.

"We are moving down in fashion that has long-term appeal," explains Frosky. "Now is the time for dressy business suits, for minus dark fabrics worn with crisp, white shirts."

For Britches, homing down has also meant fewer designer names on the ratio. The more current only one—Alexander Julian—and 50 percent of the merchandise is under Britches's own label.

"We think prices just generally out of hand for years," says Frosky, "and to ensure that we're running back on the number of names we will allow in the store."

While Britches may carry fewer trendy imports than other stores, there is one essential rule to its operation: Everything in the store—from lamps to plaster to picture frames on the wall—is for sale.

Britches's tip: "Don't dismiss a garment simply because it contains a store label. Take a good look at it. You may find it as fashionable as designer clothing, maybe even better made. Certainly, it will be more reasonably priced."



Britches's showroom shop is a brick front in Georgetown at 1347 Wisconsin Avenue NW, Washington, D.C.

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Stolichnaya.

(pronounced: Stoh-itch-NAH-yah)



If you're like most right-thinking people, you passed the arduous task of first video-cassette recorder (VCR) with a shrug. "Hm, that's neat," you said. "But I don't need it." You worried about obsolescence, you feared the bugs hadn't been worked out. Then your equally right-thinking friends began to acquire one model or another, and you couldn't help but envy their liberations from the prison of TV schedules. They never had to choose between two shows scheduled simultaneously at the same time or miss a favorite showings of *The Muppet Show*, even though they'd gone to bed at nine. That you began to hear that the manufacturers had made the machines even better. You wondered whether that was true and whether you should finally take the plunge. The answer? It is, and you should.

When you venture into a video store this fall, you'll encounter at least a dozen new models. As before, the basic choice remains between the Beta and the VHS formats—which, as you know, are incompatible: what you record on one cannot be played back on the other. Your decisions will depend on the features you want for your money. And what features? The new crop of VCRs can give you up to six hours of recording time. These longer playing times—on both formats—are achieved by slowing down the speed of the tape. That means an inevitable degradation of picture quality, especially noticeable when about 10 percent of your features are controls to speed up or slow down the action, to enhance the picture frame by frame, or to freeze on the screen any given frame. Computer little portables let you stay glued to the movie without staying home or (with an optional video camera) let you indulge an itch to direct your own.

On these pages are some of the choices of the new generation.

Light and Lively

Above right, the featherweight crowd: video-cassette recorders goes to RCA, whose portable VHS deck weighs in at only fifteen pounds six ounces. While this innovative system doesn't have all the features of the Akio (in opposite page), it does offer four hours of recording or playback time when used on AC power.



Or, leave the heavy timer-timer (bottom) at home and you'll have two hours of playing time on a battery charge. (A timer-timer is needed with any portable VCR to record off the air.) You can preset this timer up to twenty-four hours in advance to record four programs. The deck is about \$1,200; the timer-timer, about \$350.



Sharp Focus

Sharp's entry into the VCR marketplace is a programmable unit, much smaller with some outstanding points. The VHS deck loads from the front rather than the top, which helps keep dust out of the mechanism. (It also makes the machine sturdier.) An Automatic Program Locate Device, a feature on some of the company's audio-cassette recorders, makes a simple matter of selecting one of

several tape segments on a six-layer tape. During recording, you can insert a signal at any spot on the tape (somewhat like tap stops on a typewriter). Once the tape has been marked, the machine can speedily rewind or move forward to the precise spot. And you can program it like crazy—as many as seven programs on seven different channels up to seven days in advance. The price is \$1,395.

Photographs by Pat Field



Visual Effect

Sharp's newest Betamax will give you four and a half hours of playing time and a fuzzy frozen dubbed Betavision, which belongs exclusively to the Beta format. With Betavision, you'll be able to view the image on the screen while the tape runs in fast forward or reverse speed—an unusual development. Sorry, however, if the

viewer is to track down the sort of eye of the tiger half-hour TV shows that can fit on a four-and-a-half-hour tape. The new deck also lets you freeze a single frame on the screen. For weekend travelers, there's a timer with which you can record programs in the same time slot on each of three days. The unit costs \$1,250.



Going to Great Lengths

Aiming the video-cassette recorders going to new lengths is Panasonic's new Camcorder VI, a handsome VHS machine with which you'll be able to preserve six hours of action without going near your machine. At the touch of a few buttons, you can preset five programs on different channels up to a week in advance or do one-page-per-day of the week. Electronic indexing helps you speed to the beginning of any recorded segment, which is particularly handy for reviewing a week's worth of programmed material. If you monitor the recording personally, there's a remote power control that lets an tape for eliminating commercials. For easy reading, the day and time are displayed digitally on the front of the machine. This Camcorder VI, model PV-1400, costs \$1,295.



Take It or Leave It

Aki, known for its durable audio-cassette recorders, has avoided AiVi Video, a portable video-cassette recorder with a slew of features usually found only in home models. The sleek little system has a full range of speed controls—fast play, slow motion, frame by frame, and freeze frame. The fifteen-pound deck (at night uses standard VHS cassettes and is powered by a rechargeable battery or normal electric current). On a battery charge, you'll get two hours of playback time or an hour's worth of excess time. And with the programmable timer-timer (far left), you can record two hours of automated action. AiVi Video will be available in Atlanta, Chicago, Houston, and Los Angeles in September and in additional cities by the end of the year. The price for both units is \$1,495.

SILENT DREAMS

Sex, mystery, violence, and psychological depth—the film fantasies of early Hollywood had everything



Talk to people who saw films for the first time when they were silent, and they will tell you the experience was magic," writes Kevin Brownlow, the British film historian whose latest work, *Hollywood: The Pioneers*, will be published next month by Alfred A. Knopf. Most striking, perhaps, was the visual richness of the early films—a combination of intricate set design, exotic costumes, weird lighting, and, not least, the presence of the gorgious female stars who fired men's souls in the silent era. That they still retain their power is evident in clearly apparent in these photographs from the collection of John Kobal, selected by Englishman Brownlow's book.

The publication of *Hollywood: The Pioneers* coincides with the appearance of a thirteen-part television series narrated by James Mason, produced by Thames Television of London, and scheduled for American TV beginning late September and early October (check local listings for exact dates). For the series, Brownlow interviewed several early film makers. "It is impossible to listen to these people," he says, "without marveling. They are so extraordinary in their old age. What most Hollywood have been like when they were all young!" The text beginning on page 88 provides a glimpse.

How would Freud or Jung have interpreted this marvelously distorted scene, with seductive Barbara La Marr competing Miss Nevada in the company of an ap? The film is *Ziegfeld Follies*, made in 1923 by Ben Hecht, with art direction by Leo Koster.



Only a few remaining stills exist to capture the allure of Betty Blythe's career in J. Gordon Edwards' *The Queen of Sheba*, a film made in 1922 and now lost.

I wear twenty-eight costumes," said Betty Blythe of her title role in *The Queen of Sheba*, "and if I put them on all at once, I couldn't keep warm."

Beauty and the beast: Greta Garbo (left) and an 18-year-old Betty Blythe (right) in a scene from the 1919 Elsie May and Fritzi, which caused a scandal on the set. As Stevens remembers, "The first scene is a bath, and she was stripped, and naked I carried her up the stairs, with my head flying in every direction."



Louise Brooks (right) strikes an extravagant pose in *Folly*, directed in 1927 by Donald Crisp for the De Mille Corporation.





Female Love gathered *anthonys* a bushy mix of immature and descriptively no size preprints in done of morphosis as *Wheatear* (Wiegert, 1923).

Garbo had something that nobody ever had on the screen. "Nobody," recalls Clarence Brown, who directed Garbo and Gilbert in *Flesh and the Devil*, 1926.

Gretta Gerba and John Gibber's *Miss in Flesh* and the Deep Observatory was as real as it looks. "I have never seen two people as hideously, exquisitely in love," said Adela Rogers St. Johns. "When they make love scenes, they sometimes tend to be cartoonish."



Even Brooksby wasn't off limits for silent stars. At 369, it teams with John Gilbert (two roles) from *Wrestling with the Moon*, *Woman and Sin*, 1927.

WHY HOLLYWOOD?

Why indeed? Nobody thought Hollywood would become the center of the film industry. Nobody thought movies would last.

by Kevin Brownlow

It is hard to imagine, for the American film industry flourished for many years without Hollywood. Then, with the opening of the *Eastman Kodak* plant, the country's cover was off. The Eastman Kodak plant, New York, was the most important company in America, and the most prosperous companies would move in, drawn to Hollywood. Hollywood, once Disney's dream house, was growing from the matropolis.

By about 1910, the example of California silent films—so charming and sharp and with such wonderful backgrounds—was leading independent film makers to look there for new locations. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce purchased machine for 350 days of the year, and Selig, a Chicago-based company, sent a crew to see if this was wise. They produced a few films in Los Angeles before trying Colorado and improving their production flat Los Angeles. The American Film Manufacturing Company began production in Lakewood, California; they moved to La Mirada, and finally built a substantial studio in Santa Barbara. The Bronx company had a branch in Santa Monica, and the Biograph Company had a residence studio next to the actress' home at Bryn Mawr and Georgia streets, Los Angeles. Here, D. W. Griffith would come with his players each January. I feel the winter. The picture people would occasionally travel east from time to stage in the small towns of Hollywood, which provided a quiet, small town atmosphere, and a low overhead, designed to fit in space, time, and atmosphere.

Hollywood was founded far up front—the Colorado Valley, in which it was situated, was known as the *Frontier City*. The town's founder, Parker Harvey Henderson Wilson, was a real estate speculator whose wife had given the explosive name of Hollywood to their Colorado Valley hideaway. Real estate being his passion, Wilson made a stop at what the area seemed Hollywood Ranch and took the wire. It was a salubrious. No sooner was the map doctored in real estate agent than Wilson's neighbors became noisy. Townsmen, already impressed by the fine gold in the Colorado Valley, frequently fell in love with the place and acquired lots.

The year 1911 marked the end of all hopes of preserving Hollywood's exclusive atmosphere. The city fathers had banned everything they could think of that might lower the tone, such as the establishment of poker or straight houses, but they overlooked the moving picture people and, instead, from their assumption up in the town, that their movement was a transitory one. In any event, they were concerned with more important issues such as alcohol. Harry Henderson, Wilson had been a prohibitionist, and many of the other residents, mostly midwesterners, supported him.

On Sunday, September 1, a wildcat manager by a French family, the Bloudous, Rane Bloudous had bought the stage from

Wilson and later turned it to the Meyer Brewing Company. The Meyer company, in turn, leased it to some moving picture people, representatives of the Cosmopolitan Film company, as Rayna, New Jersey, who were searching for a permanent California base. Their western operation was situated Niles, and the Niles studios became the first in Hollywood.

The New York Motion Picture Company had opened a studio in Edendale in 1909, and Mack Sennett occupied it at 1912. This group opened a western branch in Santa Monica in 1911. A group of studios, the Universal, Goldwyn, and Lasky, opened up in Hollywood itself, near Sunset Boulevard, and the rapid proliferation of film houses in and around the town caused alarm among the city fathers. Yet Hollywood still remained the most attractive of all the suburbs around Los Angeles and housed a fine hotel, the Hotel Hollywood. Far then ran the parasite people, gathered to Hollywood and rented rooms at the hotel. As one went on, they began to big houses in the town.

The variety of scenery in southern California was unmatched anywhere in the world, and the California-grown vegetables and their long growing cycle were a great attraction. The Culver Canyon Valley served a *Guards of Edessa* at the cave streams from the West. Agnes de Mille, when she was, Wolfgang C. de Mills, had moved to California in 1914, recalls: "You see, the spring was such a tremendous thing there... When the rains came, within two weeks who had been known was suddenly all green, and the grass was so strong, with a verity somehow that was just exciting. And in the grass would be tangled the lupines, the poppies, the bindweeds, all of them rampant and off of them just blossoming wild and to the galler. You gathered them by the armful."

Atavus Otto Pader Goldin came out to California in 1910 and remembers the "the sunsets ran right into the foothills, and the foothills went straight up into mountains, and you were in the wild, wild hills. Superbikes and mule teams and ropes and the katas wild deer close mere down every night. I was forbidden to go up to the top of the hill because the mountain goats were right among the muleteers. It was a very sun production, I think."

Burnett Boulevard snaked through the hills, Hollywood, an old cattle trail, and passed out long before reaching the coast. Far some of its length, a bridle path ran down the center, while the horse was the most sensible method of transport in Hollywood. Few of the roads were paved, and some of the tracks provided hitching rails.

"Of course there were automobiles," said Louis Latty Jr., son of the producer. "They'd be there for twenty years, but they weren't many. The trains had to run there for general purposes, but we had horses, we rode an animal. There was a sign I remember, the back of the entrance that said, don't SLOW DOWN BEFORE THE HORSE PLATES."

The consistency of this condition was a vital economic factor, for manufacturers could depend on making films without lights. But southern California was popular for another reason: Labor costs were half what they were in New York. Los Angeles was well-known for being a nonunion town, and there was a plentiful supply of workers. Extras were cheap and sometimes free—local people being willing to act for the fee of \$4.

The financial offices of the various picture operations remained in New York, New Jersey, or Chicago, separated from their studios by a train journey of four days. This situation improved the profits of Western Union and the Southern Pacific and did much



"Moxon" holding session on the lots of the Rand Hollywood, 1917

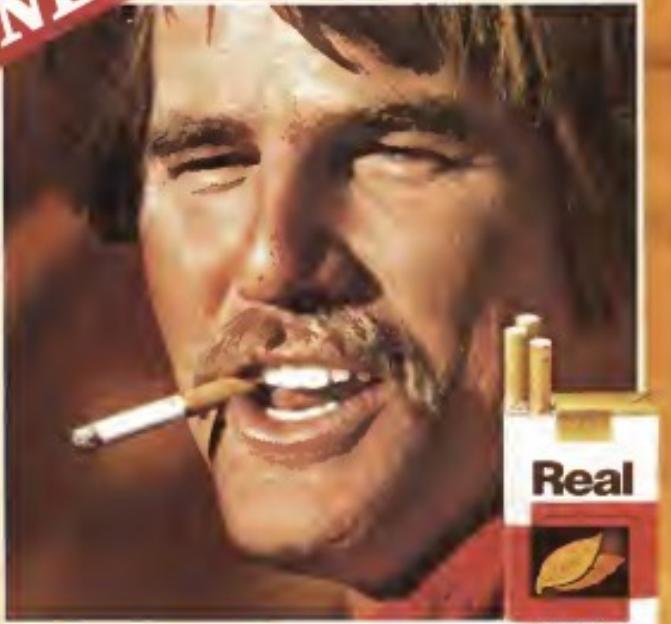


Even the director Josef von Sternberg, seated at right, couldn't keep his mouth shut. He used the time to chat with costars Marlene Dietrich, Conrad Nagel (in uniform), Marlene Dietrich, and Marlene Dietrich during the shooting of *Reckless Silence*, 1935.

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The smoking man's low tar

ing to lower the profits of the picture companies, so it was allowed to continue. The financial people needed to be in the East Coast to do the stock market, and they relied on supervisors, the doormen, and occasional snap inspections to keep their standards up to the mark. But the gulf between production and administration led to emerging inefficiency. By the end of the silent era, the producers had marginalized and marginalized the writers and of course business, and many left permanently to California.

Motion picture people in Hollywood were known by the locals as "mooches." By show business standards they lived modestly at first, but their high sports and free and very elegant offshoots some of the older residents: "The residents were horrid," said Austin, "but the people who worked there were very good people, mostly from the Midwest. Women who were clearly and had moved out to California to act or to conduct for their fledgling careers, so when they saw this image of ambivalence show up they felt the intensity was being increased."

"We were beneath them," said director Alan Dwan. "If we walked on the streets with our cameras, they'd lead their girls under the beds and close the doors and the windows and shade away. We were really in wings or there again."

"I know what discrimination was because I was a movie," said Agnes de Mille, "and it was just not permitted for us to know people."

The suspicion was not universal. At Edendale, where film editor William Herschend lived and where his father had sold some land to The New York Motion Picture Company, the residents welcomed the picture business because it provided work for the local community.

"I can remember my mother going out as a soldier," said Herschend, "and she'd come home and say, 'We're gonna have to plan to go to a movie theater and get a dinner'—they were getting a dollar a day. I remember it was the first time we had seen paper money, everything on the West Coast was gold or silver. And when he came home with this pack of paper money, which the movie people were giving, he thought it was a fake."

There were no casting organizations in those early days, people gathered at studio gates for work. Alan Dwan remembers: "West gates were not open; they'd dash off to the next little place where they had a gate. And I say 'little places' because they were small lots. When we did put up buildings we called studios, they were simply posts stuck up in the air with wires stretched across them and chairs to stand in front of the sun. They were called stages. As time advanced, enterprising people came from the East and began to put up buildings around these lots always leaving the roof open because otherwise we couldn't work. We had no electric light. They were all gas lights. Sometimes when it went out we had to use candles. There was a lot of power in the gas lines, so you could turn it on and off if the gas would fit in the pipes, then you'd put it out again and while the sun was up, shoot a few scenes and then hide the cameras again from the cameras. Sometimes it would be raining on one side of the screen, and we'd make two shots and then walk across the road and do another shot."

The thought that these might be the most insignificant of stories eventually gave Hollywood the greatest story of a movie Regis-in-ridley stories undeniably deserved—no more salacious example of the two extremes could be found than that of Mary Pickford—but most smokers found the touch of these high élites. Even when chosen for a role, it was likely to be magnificence. But if you were looking for fun, that was different.

"On the way in the morning," said director King Vidor, "I would see a boy selling newspapers on the corner, and I'd say, 'It's a good type for a film.' I'd go up to him and say, 'How many papers you got left?' forty, fifty, sixty cents." "I'd say, 'Okay, here's the way over. Get in. You want to be a movie star? Learn the lines and come to work.' We gave him five dollars a day."

"There were great days," said cartoonist Herblock Parry. "There were no unions, so there was no overtime. You worked Sundays and holidays—no extra pay. But it was a family, a very close-knit group of people. Everybody would help each other. They wouldn't

try to knock you or push you down. Everybody worked. And it was fun. It was real fun."

Because the business was so new, there was a strong sense of optimism and little jealousy and resentment, these spurs of an overextended industry came later. There was also a strong sense of teamwork.

"Whenever they finished a picture," said Agnes de Mille, "what would be roughly every week, they would write them. They'd pass it together and run it, and they'd sit everybody—all the families, all the children, even neighbors, sometimes—Come on, come in and see our picture." Then they'd ask everybody what they thought. I cannot believe it was that simple, but it was and I think some of that simplicity and sense of humor never comes back in the film business, mainly because it's been violated."

After nine o'clock at night, and after Vicks Dene, "you could almost smell a certain off on Hollywood Boulevard and never bat-



Cameras no longer allowed for gleaming traveling shots on the late silent. Here, Gary Cooper is filmed for *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, 1928—
according to what little eight life there was occurred at the Hotel Hollywood. This handsome building, designed as the mission style, dominated the little town and exercised a magnetic influence over the lives of the picture people. Astoria would look robust as they had located a suitable house for stem, months later they found themselves still exhausted. The hand explained the importance of the new industry. Most people felt they would soon be sent back to New York. No one expected the masses to leave. "They were all right," said Astoria, "then suddenly night came and we had to clear the lots and we had to leave. We had to leave the hotel, a Mrs. Herblock and she was a regular dame, black ribbon and all that sort of thing. And I used to tell you, there was nothing that went on or that hotel that she didn't know about. She had an eagle eye, and there were no drinking at those dances or anything like that. It was a source of everybody back to their own houses."

The Vernon Country Club was a favorite night spot—well outside Hollywood—but some of the sites looked so young, indeed were so young, that they didn't allow it. "It was a small community there," said Dwan, "and we'll leave each other. If we went to a party, it wouldn't be to mix or for publicity, it would be to have Saturday night wild go to the May Cafe or the Sunset Inn and that was our night to have, because we were a bunch of kids having fun and we didn't think so much about being elegant."

"Everybody loved everybody," said writer Adele Regis St. John. "There were so many often going on, and everybody had an easement about the whole thing that I've never seen since. None of the stars ever had to worry about what we were doing. None of us were afraid this picture business, but consider the greatest fear—if an actress' career was over, her life was over, her husband was put right there for a while. It didn't last long, but it was great, and this we were, right in the middle of this goldfish bowl, with everybody, beginning to look at us." 48

Comfort Me with Leaves

Sometimes autumn colors offer solace you can't get from people

We came out of a long, swampy section of the river into a fine, rocky stretch between two steep mountains. It was October, and the leaves were at their peak. We put up our fly rods and took out the paddles, and for a few minutes we had some fun with staying dry than staying alive. When we reached the open pool at the end of the rapids, we pulled the canoe up on the bank and made a fire. We had small enough hair in an iron shelter, ate a few tart Shoshone apples, and drank a couple of cold beers. The whole time we were eating lunch. I could not take my eyes off these hills with their magnificent colors.

"Wow," my partner said. "He was my older brother, and he just began his first year in a primary school, recovering at a hospital in Roanoke, Virginia. I was teaching her at another part of the country. When he called and told me about the fishing, I felt my heart beat all the way down. And when I got home, I told him about the fishing. He then, anyway?" I said, slowly changing the subject. The surgeon had spent countless afternoons in his office. He knew things no local arm drager would ever know. And he learned to replace them.

"What's it coming?" he said.

"I know that," I said. "Give me some thick, well you? I want to know about the anesthesia. What actually happens?" Sometimes you want to go beyond a mere worship of nature and try to understand how things work.

"The surgeon was a stern man. He had grown so poor, as an adopted child and he believed in working hard and linking the world on its own terms. Learning the profession involved a slow, vicious loss of faith for him. He began to give up on the human race. I saw his blues right after Morris Luther King had been killed. My friend had wanted emergency room to do what he could for the community and he was near done. Then he was gone. He died with a handful of kids going through withdrawal or coming back from bad trips. I think he found the carabiner impossible.

"In autumn, you get a layer of corky cells forming at the base of the leaf stem. They still don't know exactly what causes it to appear. Shorter days. Colder nights. Both. Neither. But anyway, this layer of cells off the waxy rump of the leaf, and the chlorophyll breaks down. You lose your green pigment. There are two other pigments present. One is peachy yellow and the other is real bright yellow. These colors come up as you like the green leaves more you've got a third pigment. It's water soluble, and you usually find it in maple. It's sort of reddish purple. The peach-yellow pigment is called carotene, I recall. The others are xanthophyll and xanthocyanin. But I can't remember which is which. And that's about all I know."

"I used to think we might come some day, though, and that seemed to fit a little. Anyways, I passed over the business about dying in October. Probably because I was just too deeply in get into it. There

was always something to see. I can say that I didn't think I would



"Boots," the surgeon said. "You can go to any library and look it up. What I mean by that is, you can't. Who's got the world now? Look at those colors and tell me that. You're supposed to be a writer, maybe you can explain it to me."

The surgeon was a stern man. He had grown so poor, as an adopted child and he believed in working hard and linking the world on its own terms. Learning the profession involved a slow, vicious loss of faith for him. He began to give up on the human race. I saw his blues right after Morris Luther King had been killed. My friend had wanted emergency room to do what he could for the community and he was near done. Then he was gone. He died with a handful of kids going through withdrawal or coming back from bad trips. I think he found the carabiner impossible.

"They talk about seeing colors when they take that stuff," he said. "Color. Can you believe that? They could walk outside and see color that you just can't match anything."

Like a lot of us who love the woods, the surgeon was in danger of losing it entirely. Of letting it all up in opposition to people, whom he was beginning to hate in general. He was left alone, and more about Alaska. About moving up there and flying around from one remote settlement to another to see patients, spending the rest of his time out in the spread-out, desolate countryside.

I said that I didn't really know what made people see something so terrible. I can say that I didn't think I would

ever look at it this way. I said, "It keeps them out of the woods. We haven't seen another human being all day."

"Which is just the way I like it," he said. I figured that he would nod and then see the words "but" and "then" get him, and make the human disease, or not, don't. There wasn't a solid explanation the way there was for the changing of the leaves.

I changed the subject again, back to dry in October. He had it all figured out October was the right time because that was when the leaves changed and the crops were taken in. It was before Christmas, when the world became partly prairie in beauty. The days would be getting shorter and cooler, and you would find in it you were quite blessed with the universe.

He had the funeral planned too. He wanted to be buried alongside the river, as far from the nearest town as he could get. By some crazy logic like the one where you can't catch a cold. A couple of friends would take the body and lay it in a casket in a minute. He would be wrapped up in an old cotton sheet. The coffin would be waiting for him at the site. He would be plain pants. "Number two, son," he said. If any of his friends had wanted to watch, they would have to get to the cemetery cause His body would be put in the grave hole, which would be sealed shut and strapped into the hole. All around him, the hills would be in their glorious fall colors. Somebody who knew how to do it right, the way Doc Watson did it, would play "Wildwood Flower" on the twelve-string guitar. Then somebody would read from the Bible the final selection being from Second Timothy.

"For him now ready to be offered to the time of my creation. Then, as I lay him in a bright light, I have finished my mission. I have kept the faith." Then the hole would be filled, and everybody would go as discreetly and they pass in a silent place where they could take the caskets out of the water. They would have the beauty of the leaves for comfort and should leave the river at dusk, at peace with the world.

It was a good plan, and I told him so. That was ten years ago. The surgeon is passing on in the South today. He sees some thirty patients a day, belongs to countless community groups, has a broad fan following. I suppose he could go on performing, but he would be forced to travel.

Everybody loves the woods.

We will be coming to Vermont to visit me this year, right when the leaves are at their peak. I plan to get him out for a day of fishing and as often has a streak of river that I think is just ideal for him. I plan to go to see him and have everything ready and standing by—except the guitar player. Will a blues player do? Then I suppose we will pull the canoe out of the water, have some lunch, and take short weighty things. And why the spectacular colors of the changing, changeless leaves.

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The Shah's Alma Mater

The rich learn how to be rich at Le Rosey, in Switzerland

You know about Eton, of course. Also Marrow and the rest. Poor schools. Fancy clothes, fancy castles, fancy old buildings. Money old England prides itself on having the best school system in the world.

Well, forget Eton. The poshest school in the world is in Switzerland, and its name is Le Rosey. Some very upper-est Englishmen go there, too, and for very special reasons. The Earl of Selskirk and Berkshires, a descendant of the Plantagenets, who inherited enough money to keep him in the life his parents were accustomed to, explains: "It was the school any proper Englishman was next to when expelled from an English one for truancy." The Earl, a Le Rosey alumnus, quickly adds that his own case was different. "My parents sent me," he says.

Le Rosey is located in a beautiful park above Lake Leman, halfway between Lausanne and Geneva, in French-speaking Switzerland. It occupies a massive building that looks like Château de Rosey, which dates from the fifteenth century. The school is only一百 years old—very young as prep schools go—but with tuition at \$12,000 per year, room not included, it is one of the world's most expensive. Its library's banner has always been small. Today there are 180 boys and 100 girls, and there is no entrance fee for every 100 pupils.

The campus on Lake Leman is used in autumn and spring. In winter, the school moves to an other location, in Gstaad. That way, many of the students get to see their parents on the slopes or, if not on the slopes, in the bars beside the slopes. The place is not particularly pretty these days, the parents of the Rosey student body are mostly British-based bankers, Middle



graduates, the yearbook's coffee will probably be lined by one of the Midwest's richer muddlers, Adam Klionsky. He has his children trying to pick up Turnep hotel in Le Rosey.

The school was founded by a Swiss educator, Monseigneur Paul Courat, who came up with the brilliant idea of creating a place of learning for the foreigners in Switzerland. There is the late nineteenth century. Before the fall of dynasties, foreigners in Switzerland were an anomaly, and they thought, "We can't stop them from being children in good old Europe." The culture's curriculum essentially prepared the future rich to read a tax form.

The rolls were soon made up of the kinds of names that drive gossip columnists mad with envy and seventeen-wandy with the Shah of Iran, Prince Victor Emmanuel of Savoy, Prince Achille of Yugoslavia, King Fouad Pasha of Egypt, the Duke of Kent, and a smattering of Von Hindenburgs, Metternichs, Bonapartes, Radziwills, and a Churchill. Hardline, to say in a country of so many oil royalties, it was de rigueur for the Aga Khan, the present tax dodger of them all, to attend. He spent nine years at Le Rosey, and his brother spent ten. Rainer of Monaco and the king of the Belgians are the only two monarchs who became heads of state and who have not since lost their jobs.

In 1993, the then Shah of Iran, who had recently had himself crowned, sent his son and heir to Le Rosey. The young Pahlevi, as everyone called him, picked up the kind of upper-class manners that enabled him to leave his own country with much dignity forty-seven years later. While at Le Rosey, he managed to accomplish something that dazed him throughout his reign: he became popular in a country he left in fact.

Courtier Giovanni Vipps, whose father was

Eastern entrepreneurs, Greek diplomats, and African civil servants—all of them with lots of things in common. Swiss bank accounts and kids at Le Rosey.

The fact is that although Le Rosey used

to be called the school of kings, it became the school of the rich, and it is now the school of the OPEC rich. In 1978, the first ten names in the school's yearbook were Anglo-Saxons. In 1988, the first ten names were all Arab or Iranian.

And speaking of that yearbook, the idea, once for Balkanica growth funds, and the Swiss Bank Corporation, are now enabling Carter jewels and Saudi oil companies. Until 1974, a double-page ad was taken out at the end of every year by Sheikh Yamani's son. The advertisement was the usual large oil company place in glossy magazine. Yamani junior's ads were all about power and expansion. Now that he has

Taki Theodoropoulos is a London-based entrepreneur and writer.

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very rich area, says: "In almost five years of existence, the school has produced only one boy who has made it on his own. That was Richard Helms."

Velpeau's theory is not quite correct. Weston Churchill, the president by his own efforts, made it to Parliament by his own efforts, although he was relegated to the back benches just after a disagreement with Margaret Thatcher. Weston was sent to Le Rosey by his mother, the present Mrs. Anneke Helmsen, who at the time was friendly with Sir Edward Heath.

Ironically, a man who has succeeded in business, owing his enormous success to a machine, was hardly noticed while at Le Rosey. Prince Rainier of Monaco was a shy, moderately young man, bypassing some of the entrepreneurial skills he shows today. Alastair Hume, the noted British historian and writer, was at Le Rosey with Rainier. "He was dog," says Hume, "but I found him refreshingly naive-grade, because he was always wearing a bow tie. But even then he always seemed about in my nose or up his."

Hume describes his year at Le Rosey as mundane. "I saw more pretenders than I ever have known outside. My American roommate was the first man I heard say something nice about Jesus. Also, my roommate was the only one who didn't like the Harkness staff whenever Alberto von Harkness wore his leathercoat. I also learned to eat an omelet with one hand and

It is the world's poshest prep school, the "school of kings." Now it's for the OPEC rich.

picked up the habit of living above my means."

After the end of World War II, and until America went into retreat and the dollar became something new given away in both exotic leggers, Le Rosey was where American coloys Then man Salazar, Perleberg, Honeymeyer, Spindler, Woodwards, Salas, Whitney, Chisholm, and a long assortment of Tramps—long on cash if short on pedigree. There are now only about forty Americans attending, and the list is getting smaller by the year.

One does not attend Le Rosey for illicit pleasure. The school is known far as an instance of severe Greek practices among the students. In fact, the school puts itself on "firm"—expelling... perhaps caught in housekeeping scenes.

Drapes are something the Le Rosey girls dream about for their bedrooms. The housemaster, Colonel Louis Joffre of the Secret Army, a dandified-looking man, says, "The first time anybody gets caught

smoking pot or sniffing anything exotic, he is fired. I don't care who they are." Even during the drug-saturated days of the late Sixties and early Seventies, Joffre notes, in fact, only a few Americans were found guilty. "It won a few isolated ones. We've had no problems since."

Perhaps others think differently. Some years Le Rosey students are renowned for their shoddy in makeup and smart more than stupid results in art contests.

Outstanding Le Rosey for contracts, Mr. Richard Helmsen served as head of the CIA in 1972, he was posted to another sister-in-law. The check was delighted with the appointment. He and Helmsen were both Le Rosey alum.

The school also exudes a kind of inaccuracy to its students and gives them the feeling of being the equals of the very rich. This can be risky, as the example of Peter Zavaradzki shows. Zavaradzki, a Paris-born Greek, was at Le Rosey with the rich and Rosent. His son Alvan graduated last year and was friendly with Ahmed Fouad Fawzi, the pretender to the Egyptian throne. Their fathers had been friends. Peter Zavaradzki tells the story: "It was at Cannes second 1948. The game was poker, five-card draw. I had three aces, four deuces, one three. I bet the bank roughly fifty thousand dollars. Fouad, then king of Egypt, was my best life and friend. King Fouad himself! It made five. He took the pot." ■

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Singles Abroad

There are still penalties if you travel solo, but help is on its way



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crous nor limited to the very
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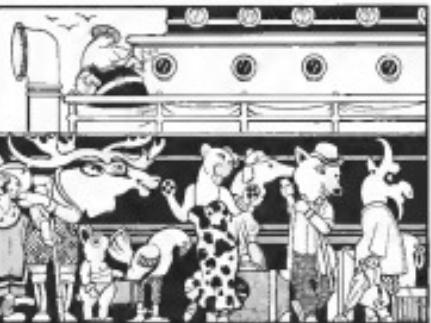
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A breed apart.

Probably the last trip in recorded history
in which the participants were packaged
in mice, nest pies was the cruise of
Noah's ark. Liver waste, passenger lists and
tour groups have not been quite so sym-
metrically arranged, with countless individ-
uals now setting forth to see the world
unaccompanied by a friend, relative, lover,
or spouse.

This trend toward traveling solo is caused
either by the dramatic increase in the
number of unmarried, divorced, or wid-
owed citizens. The unstratified portion of
the population is finding that the travel
world is only beginning to gear itself to the
needs of single-oriented travelers. In fact,
the travel industry actually reflects a
spread from of disinterest on the single traveler.
Even the most currency conscious at
tour and package-deal hotel rates reveals
that prices are routinely quoted for double
occupancy only—and the solitary hotel
guest gets the short end of the bargain
counsel. When you add to that the sur-
charge for singles that is imposed by virtually
every tour and package plan, you get
some idea of the importance of the package
traveler's market to the operators of the package

travel business. After all, the standard
single supplement charged for a two-week
tour can run anywhere from \$40 to \$400.
If you think that borders on the oppressive,
consider that single travelers on some
cruises often pay 30-75 percent more for
their accommodations than a second pas-
senger in the same cabin would pay.

But the single traveler is far from helpless.
Perhaps the best known of the smart
responses to cash in on the single market
is the extraordinarily successful
Club Med—whether it's your local sun
dinner enclave, all around the world.
Through its own network of 100 clubs
and 100 hotels, Club Med is marketing popular
among the unshaded. The marketing genius
has been a use of rate, and, and uses
the non-try-everything-but-the-kitchen-sink
gesture that sex and sex ought rightly
come a part of the vacation package. Most
guests will for just a little, wholesale
lodging at a fixed price for everything,
with no extra costs except for charges
and optional excursions. This all-inclusive



travellers Club Med's legions enjoy all sorts
of sports activities that routinely carry a
surcharge over traditional rates, plus
at least one or two evenings of a full-blown week of
musical acts.

This set, of course, several somewhat
more conservative vacation opportunities
being offered to single travelers, and one
of the cruise lines, for example, have
taken steps to adjust rates for their
unaccompanied passengers. On the Crystal
Line's *Prometheus* and *Celeste* ships (and
certain sections of the QM 2), a Discreased
Shore Fare plan is now offered whereby
you may actually have a cabin designed for
two to yourself (which are charged for the
two), and you can find your own roommates. On
Carnival's *Orlando* and *Celeste*, about
25 percent of the cabin are sold only as a
single room, and the single person pays the
same price as an individual occupying half
of a double stateroom.

There are several opportunities that oper-
ate under the assumption that you are a
single traveler. Worldwide (214-
North Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
90062, 213-254-1145), runs Club
France, a travel club exclusively for women,
with yearly dues of \$15. Our research
also turned up an organization called the
Women Travel Club (10 Rockefeller Plaza,
Room 322, New York, New York
10020, 212-377-4405), with about 5,000
members who pay \$12 a year to be
associated with a traveling companion.

□Glamorous' Regency (444 Madison
Avenue, New York, New York 10022,
212-739-7431) is the largest wholesale
traveling exclusively with the singles market.
What was most interesting about this club
was that only about 30 percent of its mem-
bers are sexually active. □

Stephen Birnbaum is a writer living in New
York City.

Illustration by Doug Teller

What It Takes to Win at Three-Card Monte

Not much except for the hype, the overthrow, the verbal method, the bent-ear ploy, putting the lug in, the pointer system, the head code, and a few other maneuvers every decent citizen in the land should know

by Jeffrey Galperin

Ladies and gentlemen, you will notice I have three cards arranged vertically so as to be indistinguishable," said the crooked player who stood on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. I chanced upon this game of chance during my first week in New York. I was wearing my new hat with the latest lapels, which I had just bought as I sat to look this rubie. A crowd had gathered around the very little man who pitched his bantam so fast as he did his cards on the box before him.

"I toss the cards up. I can see up. I don't get mad when I lose. I am never angry when I win. You never say 'darn it'."

"I am extremely bad looking at me and said, 'I wish you could be a real man. You might think twice now. And if I lose, I suggest you do and make yourself a little small.' I quickly said 'Sod it.'

"Sweaty, no longer better, I vowed that whenever I increase myself in the game's entertainment, to return one day to have my revenge and make my fortune."

For the uninitiated, here is three-card monte: The dealer shows the bettor three cards, two exactly alike, the third different—often two ten and a queen of the other color. The dealer shuffles them and places the cards face down on the table and challenges the bettor to choose the "key card," which the bettor indicates by placing his money on the card of his choice. Although the stakes for money are 2 to 1, the dealer at certain times only even money, a wise 100 to 100 bettor will walk away with his original capital and a \$100 dividend.

With minor variations, three-card monte can be found virtually anywhere there's a transient crowd with money, or Chicago and Washington, D.C., on the back roads of city hotels; or Boston, on the Commons; or Philadelphia, on the trains to the



The author (left) sits at work.

books, in Los Angeles, in the produce markets and meat shops. And in New York City, due to a change late in the interpretation of the law, people operating new booths not only along the under sections of Broadway but on Fifth Avenue in full Wall Street garb, and Tofflers at their boudoirs, they sit up inside made of enclosed boxes and, on a good day, earn a hundred dollars an hour.

Three-card monte originated in Mexico, made its way through Texas, and arrived in New Orleans around the 1800s. A descendant of gambling, as many parts of the deck were, the game was refined by the skillful, and it quickly became a favorite pastime—it was a diversion for the common people—though, evidently, honest—card game from Mexico gained simply in name.

There were many dealers around. Like the famous up the Mississippi and then to the West, stamping all in their paths. Pasturizing, overthrow operators assumed. Forstman, monsieur, which became the most popular game of the Old West. Horatio McMillen, when he wrote *The Confidence-Man*, in the 1850s, was probably inspired by the likes of such notorious names as "Cir Beddo Jim," Miner and "Cassidy Bill."

Jones, who once defended his livelihood easily "there was no business with money, anymore."

Today in New York City, more arrests number more than a thousand a year. But a recent ruling by a criminal court decision the game is not a swindle so long as "decks" (confederates) and "padding" (lapping the queen up a sleeve) are not employed. The astute players boldly play their hand and pay the fees—typically between \$15 and \$50 "to play at that," goes one gold-pointed lesser, "as the OGDH, the use of doing business."

Although some would might think that money is a game of skill—and no one can deny that the sleights of hand require considerable dexterity—John Scott, in the article in the *New York Gambler* (*Gambler*), says three-card monte is a "swindle, not a game." Whatever the difference, there is no question that monte is the real name of the game.

THE SETUP

Behind every successful monte table is a master mind. The principal figure in the operation is, of course, the dealer. He is also called the springer, the operator, the stool, and the broad master, as he moves the queen. For anyone intent on bypassing the operator, the secret is to find the stool. This usually isn't too difficult, for stools or stools, and the stool, are usually found in the corners of most bars equally conversing patrons. Others, though, carry such props as a package, a ashtray, or a dry cleaning to make it appear so if they were just passing when they happened upon the game.

The stool generally does not know where the winning card is, until he gets a signal from the dealer. Every monte table has its own signals, but some of the more common include:

□ The pointer system: With a cigarette, cigar, or toothpick as his modus, the dealer points to the modus end to indicate that the queen is in the middle, to the right to

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advantage that the queen is on the left, and vice versa.

□ **The hand card.** This method is pretty much the same as the above; the trick here being to watch which direction the dealer deals while delivering his hand.

□ **The verbal method.** Coded in the dealer's speech are messages to tip off the shift. For instance, if the dealer ends his comment with one word (for example, "C'm"), the queen is in a predominant first position, two words ("Come before?"), the queen is in the second, and three ("Who sees it?"), the queen is in the third. (To illustrate:

"Black you win, red you lose.
It all depends on the card you choose.
Who sees it?"

The card would be in the third position.)

The skills are three not only to generate a crowd and induce the "excuse" (excuse) to play but also to accumulate base, distract here, and set him up for their different plays. In the waterfront cards are the "sheds" (bottlenecks), whose job includes upholding what the "blowers" (police) are sighted, acting as "ships" (policemen) on the persecuted crowd and protecting the dealer. They are also often there to assist the cast gamblers who manage to escape.

The most popular was their escaped card ("shark") in the spot). The card with the crookedness has designs on the back, and the cards are usually made so they are the most difficult to decipher. For preparation for the game, the cards are held together and bent lengthwise in half, their faces concave, to facilitate handling.

THE RAKE

The "kype," or overhand, is the most popular sleight in cards.

There are, you see, two different theories that look exactly alike if properly executed. One is the "underthrow" (the natural or free throw), and the other is the "overthrow" (or like those at kyrts).

The game always begins with the crooked cards being laid out in a row, face-down, a few inches apart. The spot is determined. The "shark" goes next. Come an ace, you get your "ace." Ten or twenty dollars in the overhand bet. As the dealer goes his pitch, he begins to lay a few fair overthrows; he covers one card with another, picks both up, shows the bottom card to the gathering, places the top card alongside. He repeats the procedure a few times with different combinations of cards so the audience can surmise that it is indeed the bottom card that is being consistently thrown down first. Then he switches over to the kype.

For the kype the cards are once again laid out face-down on the table with the queen in the middle. The dealer picks up the ten in his right with his right hand, his thumb at the rear of the card at the ceiling, and his index finger at the front of the card, slightly to the right of the crease. With the ten still in hand, he picks up the queen with his thumb and middle finger (this is

the more grip used in the underthrow).

With the cards slightly apart, he raises the hand over and shows the bottom card (the queen) to the crowd. In raising the card he does not release the index finger, thereby overreaching the top card (the ten) on the side. The queen remains in the right hand, with the index finger having been transferred during the flip from its position it formerly held on the top card to a similar position on the bottom card. To disguise the kype, the magician may have a few inches off the table while flipping the card. The crowd assumes that the queen was dropped when the ten was turned over. It would have been a botch, had the dealer released the middle finger instead and thus performed the underthrow.

With his left hand, the operator picks up the ten in his left, circumscribes his hands, and drops the ten at the center-right position and the queen at the center-left. When a kype is properly performed, it is impossible for even mother nature to see it. A truly profane master rascal, therefore, will deal the cards slowly and deliberately, making the game all the more exciting for the audience.

THE BEND-EAR PLAY

Before the game, and in preparation for the "bend-ear" play (also known as putting the big dip), the operator must, in addition to learning the cards correctly, break the "underthrow" (cards that naturally contain two or more) both back and forth until they are extremely pliable. He is careful, though, not to break the card's surface while putting at the "car," or big.

The shelf, after laying a few hands, accuses the operator of cheating and throws away the less wavy. While the operator dashes after the card, the shelf quickly beats back one of the prepared cards with the queen and shows it to the crowd. The operator returns and appears set to seize the bent corner. He resumes tossing, and the shelf now wins a few hands by showing the queen with the bent corner.

The operator then tells the shelf that he doesn't want to play with him because he is getting too good. He turns to the mark and asks him if he'd like to try. When the mark accepts, the lesser sets the card up with the jagged queen in the middle and performs the standard kype.

The standard kype grip is used, but this time, while the cards are in hand, his middle finger grips the bottom card (the queen) along with the ring finger, covers the round corner, and reluctantly pushes it down. At precisely the same time, the first knuckle of the same middle finger loses back and tips against the prepared flexible corner of the top card. When the overthrown cards do his card (the ten) with an new one in the middle first. The freshly raised queen follows behind it. The bettor goes immediately for the card with the star striking up and then immediately for a covering shoulder.

THE SWINDLE

At this point, I must confess that I have yet to get up the nerve to go mano a mano with another master player. That is not to say, however, that the master can't be beaten. Let's suppose you have studied the game carefully and, having sworn to use the secret revealed as the stroke for the purpose of good only, set out to promote the communion. Knowing that introduction is the name of the game, you (by yourself) with two buddies who either played football or were on new teams in college and now look as though they might be frequent visitors, attorneys or have judges for fathers. You look cool, you're the master dealer, but a few of them you frequent. You check over his looks over to make sure son hasn't seen them practice in the post office. You study the dealer's operation until you've picked out the shells and perhaps the card. Next, you study the dealer's hands until you can follow his style and reasonably predict his kypes. Finally in the game, you indicate interest as baiting, either by saying an ex or even by saying, say, a jive. Naturally, the rascals want to shake you down for sure, so they set up the bestie play. The shelf wins a few "Okay," you say finally, "that'll do them again. I'll do it next time." The cards are reshuffled, the kype performed and you know the game has to be the next draw, draw, draw, the nearly bare card.

The cards go down, we all know they would, your friends shoulder on both sides to prevent the shelf from chasing a medical or burning ahead of you. Looking at the card with the pretending for the whole time, you dip out a cool hundred-dollar bill (they don't accept credit cards) and say, "Will you be my handoff?" "Of course," the dealer says, smoothly able to conceal his glee. "Let's use it," you say firmly still trying the best one. He presents the hundred. At that instant, with your friends looking, their shoulders blocking out the card that is the legal card and form a wall. The cards go down, we all know they would, your friends shoulder on both sides to prevent the shelf from chasing a medical or burning ahead of you. Looking at the card with the pretending for the whole time, you dip out a cool hundred-dollar bill (they don't accept credit cards) and say, "Will you be my handoff?"

"Of course," the dealer says, smoothly able to conceal his glee. "Let's use it," you say firmly still trying the best one. He presents the hundred. At that instant, with your friends looking, their shoulders blocking out the card that is the legal card and form a wall. The cards go down, we all know they would, your friends shoulder on both sides to prevent the shelf from chasing a medical or burning ahead of you. Looking at the card with the pretending for the whole time, you dip out a cool hundred-dollar bill (they don't accept credit cards) and say, "Will you be my handoff?"

Perhaps, perhaps you will be paid in the considerate money specifically provided for such contingencies. Or perhaps one of the shelf will yell "Police" and all will scatter in an instant, leaving you with two acid-based lasers, two referees in fire hoses, and those could little cards around vertically "so as to be nothing butable." ■



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The Language

by John Simon

Sesquipedality, Anyone?

In this game, brevity can be won by going to great lengths

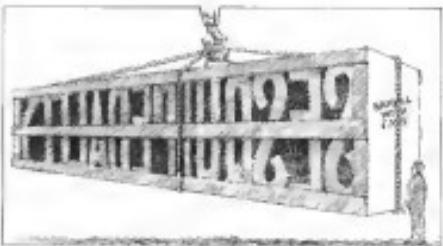
We have always been told to refine from belching in public, to yield our seats on the subway to old people, and to avoid using big words where simple ones will do. The implication was unavoidable: there was no time when a short, sensible term could not, reasonably and profitably, replace a big long word. The era of the oxymoron and portmanteau terms had had a useful, agreeable, even sociable, if somewhat pedantic, life.

Oppositeholder comes from the Latin word *antipode*, "at a foot and a half in length," referring to long and ponderous words. The *antipode*s are really those brought to our attention in *his day*. *Antipode*, this word is almost always used in a *derisive* or *derogatory* context, as when Robert Southey refers in Stephen Haweis's version to being "in full of *histoires antipodeanæ* Latinisms in the prose of *The Rambler*." Now, Haweis's poetry I would not wish on anyone, but Dr. Johnson's periodical, *The Rambler*, wherever the ultraconservative post-literate sought up thoughts of it, is something all of us can still be proud of. The *antipode* is the simple word to offer the bearers there when once when the *Latin* obvious, less graceful, and, usually, longer word is preferable.

Five miles, almost as ridiculous, than sentence from issue number 122 of Johnson's *Rambler* is its description of the Earl of Charnwood's eagle: "But there is always Dignity in his Negligence, a rude aristocratic Magnificy, which without the Noses of lawless Beagles, would the Mind by no Means and Diffusion." Suppose Johnson had wanted to debase the first sentence and make it less *unquiquoditative*—the sort thing that, happily, never occurred to him. He might have concluded as follows: "And this is always Dignity and Negligence, the high Anglo-Saxon appellation of it, I come to think, though Johnson himself would have had good reason to prefer the latter, besides sounding more majestic, says plain ignorant and absurdity as well. And Diffusion conveys the nobility only as much but also to penetrate, infiltrate, perme-

There are, to be sure, wacky borderline cases. Take the adjective *antipodes*, meaning "opposite sides of the Earth." *Antipodes* defines it as "of or pertaining to the *lowest* belief, doctrine, whatever. The American Heritage Dictionary does not illustrate it. It has the advantage of being a manifest, bona fide adjective, as opposed to *posterior*, which is obviously *antiquated*, a ridiculous posse with serious as in *serious*—just like *overlength*, for that matter. But it is a *reprehensible* word ("Infernalized," an *antipodal* *unquoditative* word) and a trifly vulgar. Does it refer to the nasal

The critic John Simon is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



that a word like *unquoditative* is (I take *unquoditative*, like big, to mean either long or rare or both). Suppose you find that the country is becoming more and more *unquoditative* or that there is an increasing number of *unquoditative* regulations in public places. You would have to know more than a little Greek to figure out that this *unquoditative* usage causes *unquoditative*—*unquoditative*. Back *unquoditative* is grandiose and obscurantist, and it's a good idea even if ever there is, it would be to use it; you can make an *unquoditative* and so keep your readers or listeners.

Conversely, a word like *quoditative*, meaning *personal identity*, or *selfhood*, does not sound especially grandiose. Still, it is of virtually no use—justly because its use is not impressive or edifying and partly because words like *identity*, *individuality*, and *selfhood*, besides being more familiar, communicate shades of meaning quite differently.

There are, to be sure, wacky borderline cases. Take the adjective *antipodes*, meaning "opposite sides of the Earth." *Antipodes* defines it as "of or pertaining to the *lowest* belief, doctrine, whatever. The American Heritage Dictionary does not illustrate it. It has the advantage of being a manifest, bona fide adjective, as opposed to *posterior*, which is obviously *antiquated*, a ridiculous posse with serious as in *serious*—just like *overlength*, for that matter. But it is a *reprehensible* word ("Infernalized," an *antipodal* *unquoditative* word) and a trifly vulgar. Does it refer to the nasal

There is a much more agonizing over this word reproduced in Helm Gehriger's excellent monograph, *The Companion of Four Quavers*. For our purpose, it is enough to note that Eliot, for all his elision, repeated assonances and finally scalded

A Day in the Life

Charles Hamilton

Moment to moment with the complete collector

I want tell you, in some ways it's very
interesting doing what I do here I am,
constantly going into the lives of the per-
sonal, looking over their most intimate cor-
respondence—and who they were friends
and it's perfectly obvious to me that I
have been a part of the lives of many of
them. Jesus, if I was President, what great
things I would do! I'd introduce a regimen
of such considerations that the country would
be back on its feet in no time.

But anyway, here I find myself, riding
through history's leftovers. Not that I'm
complaining. After all, how many people
are able to park a childhood obsession
into a livelihood?

You see, as a child I collected every-
thing I could find—If I ever became a
detective, I wanted to be able to identify
different varieties of it in people's feet.
And I collected dirt, which I would gather
in different locations and carefully take.
One day my mother found out both my
dirt and my shoes, a childhood fetish, were
littered all over my room. But, thank God,
at the left, my other collection, my broad
sweepings, had the house出售 in
Flint, Michigan—and cigar bands, my shel-
ters, were lost, and lost.

Then one day when I was twelve, there
was a story in the local paper saying that
some guy had recently written to Rud-
yard Kipling asking for his autograph and
never got a reply... and he learned that
Kipling cost \$5 a word for his manuscripts
and he sent him a check for \$5. Kipling
sent back a one-word unsigned reply
"Thanks." Well, that appealed to me
immensely. At the time, I was getting too
crazy a walk from my father to my mother
and father said so I wrote to Kipling
and asked if he could sign my big and
ugly autograph. He did, and I took a picture
of it.

Until I was fifteen or sixteen years old, I
collected by writing to people I personally
admired. like John Philip Sousa. I'd ask
questions like "How did you happen to write
The Stars and Stripes Forever?"—
because, as every collector knows, content
is the chief determinant of the value of any
document—and I'd get an answer.

Years later, after I returned from overseas—when I'd had the hell scared out of
me by Uncle Adolf and his associates—and began seeking peaceful repose, I
had a terrible time of it. I was fired from



"Writing away, never in a lesson. Don't our cars make such nice get-aways?"

such jobs that anyone you can imagine. So
I finally, in 1981, got a job as a foot of fact, I
decided to go into the antiques business.

Now, I'm not passing myself, but by
this time, I had a business knowledge, an
unsubscribable knowledge, that exceeded even
my own vision of business. And from the
very first catalog, I was a great suc-
cess—and it continued until I reached
the unenviable state of today.

I'm now making millions when I
say that. Oh, I make plenty of money, all
right—I get a thousand commission on
most items I sell at auction, 40 percent in
special cases, and I now maybe \$100,000 a
year—but I am very, very poor. I walk
as I could any dirt poor, but I don't even own
any art. I have an expensive ready-to-
wear, four small children, three of whom
are in private school—and I sustain a two-

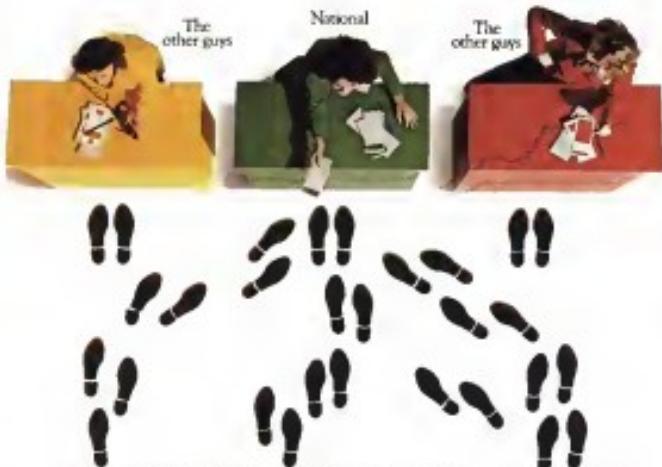
year-old—a golden retriever at the
East Side of New York that costs me
\$1,300 a month and a Washington Beach
house that drains my blood like Demons.

Still, I suppose life isn't bad, be-
cause unlike the vast majority of people in
this world, I am absorbed by my work.
Revel in it, as I do. The one thing I can't
stand is sitting on my ass and doing nothing.
If I slowed down, I think I would die.

I've already written a dozen or so books,
but I'm at work on a dozen more now. I
had to admit that because most series of
books are chit people. They just sale one
the status of their own platinum-like col-
lege professors. But I'm about to do well,
and as often as I can, I am particularly
proactive when the family is over. I'll
take off all my clothes, sit down at the
typewriter, turn up the radio, and write.

Photograph by William Gleason

The car rental shuffle.



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Left to right: Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Warner Baxter, George E. Stone.

42nd Street

It's the backstage musical par excellence—the 1933 movie where every plot twist has aged into a warm, comforting cliché. The movie where the leading lady (hereinafter referred to as "Ruby") sprains a leg and is carried from the backstage doorway in a rumba-style to her place. It's the moment that introduces Ruby Keeler's bewitching smile to the screen—the moment that gave us "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "Glad to Meet You," and "You're Gonna Be a Star With Me." It's the movie with Dick Powell as the ever-cautious private, Warner Baxter as the hammy producer, George E. Stone as the slave-driving dance director, and Chorus Rogers as

the short girl who tells Baxter that Keeler can save the show— "She's a real little trooper." It's the movie where Babes Berkeley's giddy innocence has already turned into sly, knowing forthrightness— the high point of which is in the moment when the day-line of Manhattan comes into focus. More than that, it has Baxter (as Keeler) You can't pull down, you can't. Because your face's in it, my friend, and everything off of it has to stick on you. All right. Take though. But you keep your feet on the ground and your head above shoulder of yours, and I say, you're going out a youngster, but you've got to come back a star! —H.



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